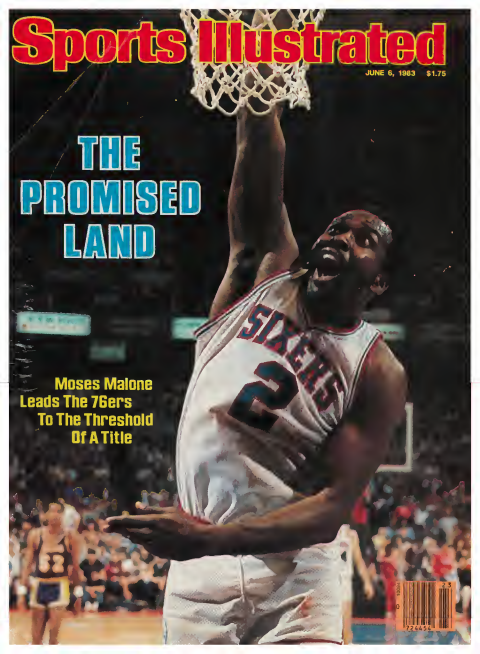


Sports Illustrated



JUNE 6, 1983 \$1.75

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"I always watched television," says Senior Reporter Wilmer Ames. "My earliest memories are of staying up with the lights off, watching old movies, and I may be one of very few people living in a two-bedroom apartment with three TV sets and two VCRs."

This passion considerably reduces the degree of difficulty of one of Ames's

stories he has done for PEOPLE magazine. At one point, while he was freelancing from 1972-74, the food writer who had been doing a meal-a-day column for a women's magazine took off for Paris, leaving no recipes for the upcoming month. Ames, a mean man with a menu, who had been working with the writer, teamed up with her secretary and the two of them spent three days in the columnist's apartment, shuttling between the kitchen and the library, whomping up a month's worth of dinners. "We'd just cook the meals and eat them," Ames recalls.

Cooking remains one of Ames's enthusiasms, though clearly he hasn't been eating 10 dinners a day. Indeed, he has a fitness book to his credit, written with Chuck Norris, the martial arts star of such films as *Good Guys Wear Black* and, most recently, *Lone Wolf McQuade*. It came out two months ago (*Toughen Up: The Chuck Norris Fitness System*; Bantam Books, \$10.95).



AMES: CHIEF DE MORE OEUVRES THAN JUST OMELETS

regular responsibilities at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, that of researching our TV/RADIO columns, such as the one on page 71 of this issue. Ownership of a 19-foot sloop also puts him one up as our sailing reporter, as did the two years he spent in medical school at Rutgers when he tackled the article on brain injuries in boxing (SI, April 11), for which he and Senior Writer Robert Boyle shared the byline. Ames took the same battery of neuropsychological tests the boxers did, but failed to sneak his brain past Dr. Ozzie Siegel, "Wilmer Ames?" Siegel said, reviewing the results. "He can't be a boxer. He's obviously never been hit in the head."

The fact is, Ames's range of interests is so wide that he's statistically likely to bring something extra to his assignments. It will be a comfort to parents who can't pry their kids loose from TV to learn that he has written pieces on subjects ranging from laser eye surgery to Angie Dickinson (one of two cover

Born in Virginia and raised in New Jersey, Ames graduated from Lincoln University in Pennsylvania in 1970 and later earned an M.S. in journalism from Columbia. In 1974 he decided that medicine was a more sensible, secure profession than free-lance writing, but after two years he concluded that however sensible and secure a profession it might be, it wasn't for him.

It was in 1976, while he was still trying to decide on a career, that Ames came to SI as a temporary receptionist. One day Assistant Managing Editor Jeremiah Tax dropped by for what Ames somewhat later realized had been an interview. Tax had been reading his clippings, with the result that Ames has been writing and reporting for us ever since.

Philip D. Howard

Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...



January 26, 1983—Pasadena, California

Photo by Frank O. Mott

From 81—January 7, 1983

Super Bowl XVII—the game, the week preceding it and the aftermath—was molded in the image of John Riggins... What he had done on that long day's journey into night in Pasadena's Rose Bowl was grab modern NFL football by the scruff of the neck and toss it a few decades back into a simpler era—big guy running behind bigger guys blocking.

"You look at the play-by-play," Theismann said, "and you'll see: Riggins off-tackle left, Riggins off-tackle left, then maybe a little Riggins off-tackle right, an occasional pass by me, then Riggins left, Riggins left, and one more Riggins left. I imagine if we were still out there we'd still be running Riggins left." The Redskins' forward wall—the Hogs, and of course Riggins, the honorary Hog—wore them down. "What sets John Riggins apart," [Washington coach Joe Gibbs] said, "is a champion's heart."

Paul Zimmerman, SI—February 7, 1983

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Shopwalk

by CRAIG NEFF

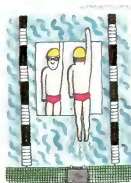
MIRROR, MIRROR, IN THE POOL, WHO'S THE FINEST SWIMMER OF THEM ALL?

On a clear day you can see your face in Ralph Kryder's sport coat. "People call me the Mirror Man," says Kryder, 38, a high school science teacher and swimming coach in a suburb of Houston who sometimes goes about his business with a 4' x 4' square of reflective plastic hanging from his lapel. That way everyone can tell when Kryder is steamed up. "What scares me is that this may be the greatest thing I'll ever come up with," he says grimly.

Kryder is the inventor of Swim-See underwater mirrors, and his lapel piece is a small advertisement for the real thing. Actual Swim-See mirrors are larger (either 4' x 4' or 4' x 8'), costlier (ranging in price from \$79.95 to \$289.90) and considerably more functional than the lapel model. The mirrors are a simple training aid that Kryder thinks will revolutionize swimming. "They provide instant feedback," he says. "The swimmer can see what he's doing wrong and correct it immediately. I call it 'boreffective feedback.' Someone who is 30 percent efficient in his technique can become 100 percent efficient. Almost anyone can."

Eight major college teams already use the unbreakable plastic mirrors, which can be placed on the bottom of a pool (at 22 pounds per 4' x 4' section, they need no anchoring) or attached to the sides of a pool, both above and below the water's surface. "We'll probably buy enough to cover about half the length of the bottom of one lane of our pool, plus another section to use above the water's surface," says Mark Schubert of the Mission Viejo (Calif.) Nadadores swim team. "It's a great training aid." Adds the legendary Doc Counsilman, who bought three mirrors for his Indiana University team, "They're especially helpful in teaching stroke mechanics. We show our swimmers a film of, say, Rowdy Gaines, so they can see what an elbow bend should look like. Then they can go work on it with the mirrors. It's much faster and easier than making underwater videotapes. Less expensive, too."

A slim budget prompted Kryder to become inventive. As a high school and age-group coach in Iowa City in the late 1960s, he had virtually no funds and limited pool time. "We had only 50 minutes to an hour to practice, so we had to devise more efficient ways to train," Kryder recalls. "The mirror was one." Actually, Kryder, a former breaststroker at the University of Iowa, had been intrigued for years by the idea of a swimmer watching himself in action. "In high school I would have paid 5,000 dollars to see myself on videotape," he says. "I always wanted to find the perfect technique and training methods, but back then it was like the Dark Ages." All



Kryder knew about swim mirrors was that they were too dangerous. "Glass didn't belong around pools because glass breaks," he says.

Because his 1969 Iowa City high school teams couldn't afford \$4.00 a pair for commercially made hand paddles (used for certain drills), Kryder had the swimmers make their own for \$1.00 a pair in shop class. "I went to a plastics company in Cedar Rapids to buy the materials," he says. "While I was there I saw these little reflective squares, roughly eight inches by eight inches, with designs on them, the kind of thing that could be hung on a wall. I asked if they had any bigger ones. They didn't, so I had them make up one four feet by four feet. That was my first mirror."

Kryder mounted the plastic on plywood, laid it on the floor of the Iowa City

Recreation Center pool, put on trunks and goggles and went for a swim. "My reflection was clear as a bell," he says. "I could tell if I'd missed a spot shaving." His swimmers were equally enthusiastic, if only because the mirrors made their workouts more fun. "But I kept a secret for 13 years," says Kryder. "I wanted to keep the advantage over my competition." His age-group program soon became the best in Iowa.

Other coaches had tried using mirrors before with little success—Bob Kipthuth of Yale set out regular glass ones on the pool deck and Counsilman, as long ago as 1950, was placing two-foot-square ferrotype photographic plates on the bottom of his pool. "We needed so many of them the picture was fragmented," says Counsilman. "It wasn't much good."

Kryder decided last summer to go public with his product. He claims his primary goal is to help U.S. swimmers win more Olympic medals in 1984. "I really want to stomp the Russians," he says. "You hear that they're training 20,000 meters a day and that the only way Americans can keep up is to do the same. I disagree with that. Practice doesn't make perfect; practicing perfection does. That's where the mirrors come in. If the Russians swim 20,000 a day, we could beat them by swimming 6,000."

Kryder's already working on Swim-See refinements and accessories. Soon there may be brackets to hold the mirrors onto pool walls—most coaches now use ropes—and, for backstrokers, a Swim-See that hangs facedown over the water. One version of his product may unfold like a carpet along the bottom. For coaches who wish to combine mirrors and videotaping, Kryder is planning a periscope that will attach to the lens of a TV camera. And for golfers—no water-hazard jokes, please—he has Swim-See in mind.

Kryder introduced Swim-See at an American Swim Coaches Association clinic in Dallas last September, installing three 4' x 4' sections in the pool of the Hyatt Regency. More than 70 coaches dove in to test it, and few surfaced without having discovered imperfections in their strokes. The 62-year-old Counsilman, for one, came out of the water and said he'd found he had two shortcomings. "I'm dropping my elbow," he said, "and I'm too fat." At least the mirror helped with his elbow. **END**

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark shirt, playing a trumpet. The trumpet is angled diagonally across the frame, with the bell pointing towards the upper right. The man's face is partially in shadow, and he is looking down at the instrument.

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT F. JONES

EXPLORING THE BAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE EAST COAST WITH A DEFT GUIDE

From the Maine-Canada border to the tip of the Florida Keys, the U.S. Atlantic Coast measures 28,673 miles, and George Reiger seems to know at least one fascinating fact for every cape, cove, bay, beach or inlet along the way. That at least is the impression one comes away with after reading his new book, *Wanderer on My Native Shore* (Simon and Schuster, \$14.95). I wasn't aware, for instance, that:

- In the 19th century, bluefin tuna were valued only for their oil (24 gallons of it could be rendered from a 1,000-pound fish), while in January 1982, a mid-sized 352-pound bluefin sold in Japan for 1,500,000 yen, or \$6,818.18.
- *Gonyaulax tamarensis* var. *excavata*, the tiny dinoflagellate responsible for the red tides that periodically poison shellfish beds in northern waters, produces a "saxitoxin" so potent that a mere milligram can kill a human.
- When Moses made the Nile turn red, as recounted in Chapter 7 of Exodus, the real transmuter may have been another dinoflagellate, a member of the genus *Gymnodinium* that affects warm-water regions worldwide.
- Many shearwaters, oceanic birds that can be seen feeding along the Outer Banks of North Carolina during the summer, breed in the British Isles. A shearwater removed from its nest, tagged, flown by jetliner to Boston and released was back in its British burrow—they tunnel into cliffsides—only 12 nights later.
- The small cookie-cutter shark (*Isistius paucidens*) of southern U.S. waters takes only tiny bites of its prey—whales and dolphins, usually—thus ensuring future meals for other cookie-cutter sharks.
- The dioramas at the Hagley Museum on Brandywine Creek in Delaware shows pre-Columbian Indians catching carp, though carp didn't arrive in America until 1876, when the U.S. Fish Commission imported 345 of them from Germany.

From greenhead flies to bluehead wrasse, Reiger knows it all. Not only did he grow up along the Atlantic shore—residing at various times in Massachusetts

continued

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BOOKTALK continued

or Long Island and alongside Florida's Biscayne Bay—but his work as conservation editor of *Field & Stream* and field editor for *Audubon* magazine has allowed him to buttress his experience with rich ecological data. In prose as clear and life-filled as a Cape Cod tidal pool, he takes the reader the length of the coast, from Eastport, Maine, where a planned oil refinery threatens the rock-ribbed shore, to the Dry Tortugas, 65 miles beyond Key West and America's "farthest south" point, where red-brick Fort Jefferson, already sinking into the sea, stands as a monument to earlier environmental folly. Soon after construction began in 1846 the fort was deemed impractical, yet work continued, and now the coral key the fort rests upon is disappearing under its massive weight.

The word ecology has taken on a gloomy resonance in recent years. Environmentalists find themselves flinching in the face of the latest horror stories, whether they deal with Persian Gulf oil spills far from our own shores or the near-total disappearance of some of California's beaches, thanks to terrible winter storms. Yet Reiger's book gets back to the ecological basics: Though he doesn't shy from addressing, where necessary, America's abuse of the Atlantic shore, he deals delightfully with the complex interactions of all the life forms that inhabit the littoral. Though his writing is less poetic than Rachel Carson's in her 1955 work, *The Edge of the Sea*, his account is far richer in the human history of the region. His summary of Henry Morrison Flagler's development of the Florida East Coast Railway and the resorts that later became Daytona Beach, Palm Beach, Miami and Key West is packed with non-judgmental information on how Florida's environment changed, rarely for the better, as a result of human impact.

Ultimately *Wanderer on My Native Shore* goes beyond its subtitle—"A Personal Guide & Tribute to the Ecology of the Atlantic Coast"—to become a subtle warning: The things we see and enjoy this summer along the seashore have been there for millions of years, yet unless our love for them is coupled with protection, they may not be there in summers to come. "There are many excellent field guides to identify what people see at the seashore," Reiger writes, "but few that attempt to answer the hows and whys of life in coastal waters." This is one of the best of those few.

END

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Sideline

by MICHAEL PARFIT

THIS BIG DAY WAS DEFINITELY FOR THE BIRDS—235 DIFFERENT KINDS OF THEM

The bullfrogs groaned. Wind stirred the rushes beside the lake. Clouds raced across the moon. Six men stood on a California road, their shadows long in the moonlight. Off to the east, toward Arizona, the lights of the Imperial Dam on the Colorado River glowed in the sky. One of the men said quietly, "One, two, three." On the count of three, they broke into applause. Just as abruptly they stopped. From the distance came a tiny noise, something between a trill and a rattle. Most people might have assumed it was just another rustle in the brush. But it was, in fact, the call of a bird. "Black rail!" shouted one of the men. "Black rail!" It was 3:19 a.m.

"Rails," one of these men had written long ago, "are compact, rather hen-

shaped birds of secretive habits and mysterious voices. . . ." Except for the hen part he could have been describing the members of the group he was with this windy morning. If their actions only occasionally seemed secretive, they were certainly mysterious.

The writer who described the rail was Roger Tory Peterson, a 74-year-old naturalist who, through his field guides to birds of East and West, is one of the people most responsible for popularizing bird watching in America. As they heard the call of the black rail, Peterson and the rest of the group were starting off, a month ago, from the southeastern tip of California on a 500-mile trek through the state, hoping to set the North American record for most species of birds spotted or heard in a single day. The other team members were Don Roberson, a 30-year-old former attorney now devoting his life to watching and writing about birds; Laurence C. Binford, 48, an ornithologist; Jen Langham, 40, a professor of plant ecology at California State University at Sacramento; Benjamin (Mike) Par-

meter, 50, a physician; and John Parmeter, 21, Mike's son and a senior majoring in chemistry at the University of California, Berkeley. Everyone but Peterson, a New Englander, was from California; they were all expert borders. Among them they held 16 records.

The darkness seemed empty, but the rail, announced by John Parmeter, was already No. 4 on a list on which the first entry had been made more than an hour earlier with the *hoo, hoooo, hoo, hoo* of a great horned owl hunting in a date palm grove. Bird No. 2 was checked off when the silhouette of a barn owl, perched precariously on a telephone wire, brought the team's van to a shuddering halt so the members could check it out by shining a flashlight into the bird's pale, amazed face. And just before the black rail the birders had heard the call of a screech owl.

It had made a sound that Peterson, whose descriptions are known for their whimsy, has called "a series of hollow whistles" with the rhythm "of a small ball bouncing to a standstill."



King size. 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1981

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

The day itself would produce a lot of bounce but little standing still. With four birds down and 231 to go to tie the record, set by Peterson with a different team in Texas a year earlier, every moment was carefully scheduled on a computer printout prepared by Roberson, the day's organizer. This was the featured event of the Audubon Society's annual fund-raising birdathon, a nationwide competition in which people make pledges for each bird seen. The society had invested between \$3,000 and \$4,000 in Peterson's group because they had secured pledges of about \$80 per bird.

Most of the money was spent on equipment. The rented van, first of a series, was capable of 80 mph, which Langham soon proved. At the airport in Yuma, Ariz., just across the California border, a twin-engined Cessna 414 waited, ready to carry the team from locality to locality: Yuma to the Salton Sea and then to the high desert, the mountains and, finally, to the coast and the Monterey Peninsula.

Birding is becoming an increasingly

popular pastime. Peterson's books broke new ground for amateur naturalists, beginning in 1934, by pointing out the special characteristics of each North American bird's shape, color, manners and calls that make it instantly recognizable in the field. Birders soon began testing how fast they could identify birds using Peterson's clues. The result was a competition called the Big Day, in which individuals or teams spot or hear as many species as they can during a 24-hour period. The world record for this demanding event is 331, set by two Americans in Peru on Sept. 5, 1982. But Peterson's team would be pleased with 236. On Roberson's computer list of possibilities for this day in these places, there were only 263 species.

On the road where they'd heard the black rail, Peterson drifted a short distance from his team, the wind blowing his white hair as he listened for sounds in the rush of wind. "I always like the first bird," he said later, "and the first one to announce that morning's here." At 4:22 the quiet of the darkness, which hitherto

had been filled only by the croakings of bullfrogs and the distant hooting of owls, was at last broken by a clear, strong, cheering sequence of notes out over the water. "Song sparrow!" shouted John Parmeter. They were up to No. 13 as dawn began to break.

In what seemed like mere moments it was light, and the team careened down the road to a new site, a thicket of mesquite alongside the Colorado River where a sign warned DANGER, SIREN INDICATES LARGE RELEASE OF WATER. Here they spread out, listening intently and peering through their binoculars. One of the rules set by the American Birding Association for a Big Day requires that all team members stay within voice contact of one another. Another stipulates that 95% of the birds spotted must be recognized by every team member.

The thicket rang with birdsong and with the calls of the Big Day team. *Chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh*: "Cactus wren!" *Tsee-tsee-tsee-tsee-titi-wee*: "Yellow warbler!" *Peek*: "Abert's towhee!" Snowy and cattle egrets flew sedately along the

continued



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shoreline. Then, as if it knew the team wanted to restrict its sightings to California, so it could set that state's record as well, a great blue heron played hard to get, soaring over the far shoreline before finally turning west. "He's still in Arizona," Roberson said, frustrated at the bird's unburned pace. "When he gets to the middle of the river, then we can count him." At last the bird obliged.

As the light brightened, the team jumped back into the van. "It helps to have a good driver," Benford said later. "A fast driver who's willing to take a chance, maybe." Langham was very good. The team dashed to sites scouted

out days before—a canyon where they heard a rock wren, a campground where Annas and black-chinned hummingbirds duelled for access to a feeder, a marsh where an osprey guarded its nest. Then, between 7:04 and 7:18, while the van covered 10 miles, the team stared at the blurred roadides and, in its curious terminology for spotting birds on the run, "gunned" a northern harrier, a roadrunner, a Say's phoebe and a rock dove (Langham nearly ran over a mourning dove, but the days when naturalists had to kill a bird to identify it are, thanks partly to Peterson, over). As the team raced for the plane, optimism bloomed

"That gunning was one of the turning points," Benford said later. "It set us up."

The Big Day still looked promising at 10:45, when the team arrived at Big Morongo Wildlife Reserve, a game refuge in the hills northeast of Palm Springs. An hour's visit to the north shore of the Salton Sea, which Peterson called "the greatest spread table, the greatest smorgasbord of birds," had produced a flock of shorebirds. Flying over the lake's southern end, they spotted black skimmers from the aircraft. "They were the right shape for skimmers," Roberson said, "and they were in the right spot for skimmers. We listed them." The surprise

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was a semipalmated sandpiper, a bonus rare to California that had not been on Roberson's list. "At this pace we'll get 237," Roberson said, sounding like a marathoner. Mike Parmeter was thinking golf. "We hirded that hole," he said.

The Morongo Valley is a beautifully wooded stream bed in the bottom of a stony gorge. For Mike Parmeter it was heaven. "That Morongo!" he said later. "That sunlight, those cottonwoods, the trees just alive with birds!" Birders tend to be labeled by their talents. Binford is particularly good with the spotting scope, and Peterson, whose once sharp eyes have been dimmed by cataracts, is renowned now for his acute hearing. Mike Parmeter also has a sharp ear, and down in Morongo he chirped and warbled at the dense greenery, identifying each response almost before the bird's song was finished. Mike had trained for the Big Day by spending two weekends doing nothing but listening to birds, and to him the high moment of the Big Day was when the team heard the song of a Bell's vireo, another bird they anticipated seeing this year in the valley.

From the cacophony of Morongo the team flew to unexpected silence at Big Bear Lake, high in the San Bernardino Mountains. Suddenly disaster loomed—new snow had the cold-shocked birds and muffled their sounds. By the time the team climbed safely back into the plane at 2:35 p.m. for the hour-and-a-half flight to Monterey, it was six birds behind on the count. The team was lucky to reach the plane: The van had barely made it through the muddy Arrastre Creek Road. Even the calm of Binford, who earlier had been so appreciative of daring behind the wheel, had been disturbed. "I closed my eyes three or four times," he said when the ride was over.

Some team members slept on the plane. Others worried. On the horizon were the white towers of thunderheads, indicating rain and early darkness. Roberson pored over the day list: just 181 birds. "It looked as though we had to see everything in Monterey to make it," he said later. Almost as important as the actual count was one other statistic: a small but growing list of birds that had been missed by one or more team members.

Roberson got out of the airplane muttering about double bogeys, but then—hang! At 4:10, on the way out of the airport in van No. 4, the team spotted a bandtail pigeon, one of the species

continued



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SHOULDER continued

missed on the Big Bear list. Good cheer returned. The birders leaped out of the van into a park full of leaning Monterey pine trees, wet grass and invisible but noisy birds and started identifying right and left.

Then it was on to the beach. The birders assailed the ragged Monterey shoreline like commandos, racing to the water's edge with their tripod-mounted 20-power spotting scopes to stare at the waves. "Red-necked grebe!" "Horned grebe!" "A wandering tattler!" "Two rhinos on the water!" Everyone turned his scope to the rhinoceros auklets. "Got 'em? Let's go!" Back up the beach they ran.

Bird No. 200 was a glaucous-winged gull. "We're going to come close," Roberson said during a brief but stirring ride in the van. "It will be a matter of five birds or so, but those five will be like pulling teeth." The team still had not seen one of the more common of Monterey's shorebirds, a red-throated loon.

A few minutes later the van, slowed by heavy traffic, crept across a bridge over a little estuary, where the team picked off a swallow and a Bonaparte's gull. "Drive-in birdies," Roberson said. Then, like a shell fired across a bow, a dark brown shape with a white underbelly flew past the windshield. "Wood duck! Wood duck!" It was another bonus, an unexpected bird that shortened the odds. "I would say the wood duck was most fortuitous," Peterson would observe.

For a while, fortune indeed seemed to smile. A thunderhead slid away from the sinking sun. Langham pried the van out of traffic and onto U.S. Highway 1. "Get it up to 90," John Parmeter urged, but Langham needed no whip. At a boat landing beneath a towering power plant, the day list grew to 221, although the loon was still elusive. The van raced to a field where Roberson had seen a burrowing owl early in the week: after someone first called out a ground squirrel by mistake, the owl, spotted by scope, became No. 222. As the light softened toward dusk the team arrived at the last major site, the Moon Glow Dairy.

The smell of the farm was overpowering, but with hardly a sniff the team carried its equipment through a hundred yards of muck to a slope above a pond. The men set up along a fence, and gradually peace descended. Birds were everywhere: swallows high, ducks, phalaropes, terns, gulls. Two years earlier Roberson

continued

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and Langham had been part of a team that conducted a Big Sit here, restricting their movements to a 12-foot-wide circle for an entire day, they had seen 99 species. Now the birds rode a cooling wind, the crows were silent, and the six men paused in their headlong rush. The air was filled with those feathered creatures they so admire, and for a moment that was enough.

Then Roberson, peering through a scope, called, "White-tailed kite." Mike Parmeter, plucking sound out of thin air, added, "A king-billed curlew just called." Then it was back through the muck and into the van for a thrilling race with a train to a crossing—the van won—and on with the game.

It was almost dark, and after a heated discussion the men decided to use the remaining light to spot the red-throated loon they were sure was back at the power plant. Off they went, but without success. The loon was nowhere to be seen. So, discouraged, they drove in darkness and falling rain to a pond at the Laguna Seca Raceway, where the hunters peered

into the night with binoculars and flashlights, looking for a bird they had seen here earlier in the week. They were subdued. A victory now seemed impossible. The rain increased. There was some talk of dinner and bed. Roberson said, "I think we gave it our best shot." Then, as the men gazed at the faint glow on the water cast by the team's flashlights, Peterson saw a pair of Canada geese swim slowly into view.

Joy spread through the darkness. Dinner and rest could wait. The team made a long journey into the woods for owls, but at first the only one heard by everyone turned out to be Langham calling from around a bend in the road. Suddenly all the members of the team heard a pygmy owl and a saw-whet owl, and in the rain among the tall black shapes of redwood trees, some heard the single lonely hoot of a spotted owl. The list stood at 236. But the 95% rule had defeated them at last. All of the final owls were unanimous, except for the important spotted one. After all the figuring, which lasted until noon of the following day, the Cali-

fornia team was one bird short of a new record. They'd tied the Texas record. Peterson, who seldom displays either elation or disappointment, compared the two Big Days laconically: "Texas requires luck," he said. "California requires hard work."

At midnight, as the Big Day was coming to a close, the van had been parked on the deck at the Monterey Costa Guard pier, where seals barked in the distance. As the hour struck, Langham scanned the harbor through his scope, still hoping to see the upturned bill of a red-throated loon.

"Time's up," said Roberson. There was a pause. Langham folded his tripod. The seals seemed to be laughing. It was 12:05 a.m.

"Our day list is now zero," said John Parmeter.

In the morning the group split up, content with the tie. But around midday Langham, still restless, took his scope back to the Costa Guard pier. There floating serenely on the slack water, was a pair of red-throated loons. **END**

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LEARNING TO BE LIKE HUCK FINN

The psychiatric institution in which suspended Baltimore Colt Quarterback Art Schlichter is being treated for compulsive gambling, South Oaks Hospital in Amityville, N.Y., was founded in 1882 but didn't begin dealing with people who suffer from Schlichter's affliction until a year ago. It wasn't until 1980, in fact, that the American Psychiatric Association classified compulsive gambling as a mental disorder. Despite this belated recognition, there's no question among authorities today that pathological gambling is both a serious illness and a major social problem.

The psychiatrist responsible for referring Schlichter to South Oaks, Dr. Robert L. Custer, chief of treatment services and mental health for the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C., is a pioneer in the diagnosis and treatment of compulsive gambling. Custer's research indicates that most problem gamblers become involved in betting before the age of 21, that they may have initial gambling successes that give them an almost magical sense of omnipotence and that the condition is more common among men than women. In past statements on the subject, Custer has provided a composite description of compulsive gamblers that sounds strikingly similar to a profile of Schlichter.

Noting that many of his patients were "highly competitive, bright, energetic guys" who nevertheless had low self-esteem, Custer said that they were inclined to use gambling "to show off." Once they began losing, "they tried to chase that money, and eventually they reached the point where they needed financial assistance to get them out of a situation that would ruin their reputations or cost them their jobs or their freedom. We found that once somebody paid off the bill for them, then they were really hooked, and they would start gambling even more heavily, because that was like having another big win."

Custer said that putting down bets gave compulsive gamblers the same rush drug addicts might receive from a stimulant, a tranquilizer and a pain-killer rolled into one, adding, "Nobody's invented a drug that effective." Underscoring the similarities between the two types

of addiction, Custer and other authorities say that compulsive gamblers are subject to withdrawal symptoms similar to those experienced by drug addicts, including sweating, nausea and the "shakes." The experts further say that the two addictions are often difficult to tell apart and that some people suffer from both.

South Oaks is a 280-bed facility with long experience in treating alcoholics and drug addicts. The privately owned hospital, which charges patients \$310 a day plus doctors' fees that run another \$40 or so, occupies a cluster of white-brick buildings on attractive, well-shaded grounds on Long Island. The hospital has admitted its share of celebrities (among them: entertainer Donald O'Connor, who was treated for alcoholism), and Robert Cahill, director of patient services, says that the staff goes to considerable lengths to treat them like anybody else. "We try to separate their celebrity status," Cahill told SI's Brooks Clark last week. "Some of them can try to use that status to resist treatment."

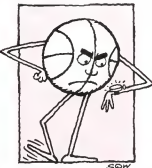
Patients in South Oaks' compulsive gambling program typically spend four weeks or more in the hospital, after which they undergo out-patient treatment and attend Gamblers Anonymous meetings. Upon admission they quit gambling cold turkey, receive medication if necessary—the doctors refer to these steps in the process as "detoxification," the same term used for drug or alcohol abusers—and go through an orientation regimen that includes films and lectures detailing the nature of their illness and dealing with such topics as "How to Sabotage your Treatment." They subsequently undergo group and individual therapy and are encouraged to maintain a log in which they discuss their illness.

South Oaks' patients aren't allowed to play cards, which the doctors consider to be a gambling "tool," and they can watch television only in a central room, from 9 to 11 p.m. Thus, while Schlichter may have caught some of the NBA playoffs, he presumably missed the Previews. Patients are allowed to make calls from a public phone, and Dr. Richard Zoppa, the medical director of the compulsive gambling program, concedes that they could call bookies. "They might then

come to us and say, 'I had a slip,'" Zoppa says. "We'll say, 'Let's talk about it, what happened?'" The hospital tries to provide patients with neither too little activity nor too much. "Gamblers get bored easily," says Zoppa. "They need to be constantly stimulated. But we don't like to keep them too busy because that's what they do [with their gambling]. We want them to learn a little boredom, because that's real life. They have to relax. They have to learn to be like Huck Finn and watch the river flow by."

THE VARSITY DRAG

The NCAA Men's Basketball Rules Committee has decided to reduce the number of time-outs each team can take during televised games from five to three. The purpose is to speed up play at the



end of games. Coaches tend to hoard their allotted time-outs for the final moments of play, and because extra official time-outs are allocated for commercials, the action at the end of televised games can be painfully drawn out.

In another rule change, one affecting all games, whether on TV or not, the committee directed that teams in the bonus situation during the last two minutes of regulation time and overtime be automatically awarded two free throws. That junks the current arrangement of one-and-one on ordinary fouls and two shots

continued

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only on intentional fouls. The idea is to spare officials from having to make difficult distinctions between intentional and unintentional fouls. But another purpose is to discourage fouling, which might also speed things up.

In the case of TV games, SI's Kansas City correspondent, Ted O'Leary, provides evidence that speeding up is indeed necessary. O'Leary put the stopwatch to a number of TV games last season and found that it took 24 minutes to play the last 2:23 of Notre Dame DePaul on Feb. 26, 12 minutes for the last 1:27 of Virginia-Boston College in the NCAA's on March 24 and 14 minutes for the last 1:56 of the Kentucky-Indiana NCAA game on the same day. Three other games produced similar results, and even the most exciting ones tended to turn into a drag at the end. College basketball statisticians reckon that, as a rule, it takes roughly 40 minutes to play a 20-minute half—or two minutes for every minute of action. The fact that, in the waning moments, this ratio soars to 10 to one or even more is a strong argument for the latest rules revisions.

THE BILERICA MASSACRE

We'd be remiss in letting the hockey season melt away without speculating about what recent events in Bilerica, Mass., imply about the rivalry between the two leading U.S. hotbeds of the sport, Minnesota and Massachusetts. For years Minnesota has been thought to have it all over Massachusetts in the production of hockey talent, an edge generally attributed to colder winters (which facilitate outdoor play), more rinks (ditto indoor play) and the stimulative effects of Minnesota's hotly contested high school tournament ('SI, March 7). Further proof of Minnesota's supposed dominance was the fact that the triumphant 1980 U.S. Olympic team had a disproportionate number of players from that state and that in last year's NHL draft, 25 high school players from Minnesota were taken, compared with only seven from Massachusetts.

But Minnesota's presumed superiority has been cast in doubt by a three-game series in Bilerica in which a high school all-star team from the state was wiped out by one from Massachusetts by scores of 14-3, 6-2 and 8-0. In defense of Minnesota hockey, it should be noted that the home team had practiced together four times, with the emphasis very much on

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teamwork, while the Minnesotans skated together just once, partly because their coach, Jim Knapp, viewed the series as "a showcase for our individual players and less as a team thing." Also, Minnesota's high school athletic rules prohibited non-seniors and participants in spring sports from playing in the game. The Massachusetts team labored under no such restrictions.

But nobody's taking anything away from the Massachusetts boys. Minnesota North Star Assistant General Manager John Mariucci, honorary coach of the Minnesota squad, points out that Massachusetts has been closing the gap with Minnesota in many ways, and says, "A lack of facilities hurt New England, but now the region has the facilities, talent and the interest." Hartford Whaler scout Dave McNab attributes the greater popularity of Minnesota players in last year's NHL draft to what he feels was an exceptionally good crop from that state and a flukishly thin one from Massachusetts. McNab predicts that in next week's draft there might be as many players drafted from Massachusetts as from Minnesota. He concludes, "Anyone who's been doing his homework knew there were great players in Massachusetts."

SEMIHYMED PARALLELISMS

The Rev. Jesse Jackson, the civil rights activist who's thinking about running for President, last week became the first black since Reconstruction to address a joint session of the Alabama Legislature. In his well-received speech, Jackson repeatedly employed one of his favorite rhetorical devices. On unemployment: "We have put too much focus on the schoolyard and lost sight of the shipyard." On the need for blacks to exercise more political power: "We can go from the outhouse to the statehouse, from the courthouse to the White House." Pleading for reconciliation between the races: "It is time that we leave the battleground behind us and seek a common ground, then move on to higher ground." Calling for greater trust in God: "He will raise us from the guttermost to the uttermost" and "from disgrace to amazing grace."

Jeff Heath, an associate professor of linguistics at Harvard, told SI that the type of verbal association used by Jackson might be called, for want of a better term, "a semihymned parallelism." The reason were interested is that Jackson,

who played football at North Carolina A&T, also fills his speeches with a great many sports references. Thus, he tells young blacks that they and the late Dr. Martin Luther King began life "in the same starting blocks." He also likes to speak of the lessons he learned in sports, to wit, "that if the least of my blockers doesn't do the job, I can't make it," that "the game played on Sunday is won, lost or tied on Thursday" and that "when the star player is hurt, you don't forfeit, you count on the laws of compensation and move on." Jackson also has at least one sports-related semihymned parallelism in his declamatory arsenal. Maintaining that sports is one of the few areas in which blacks have an opportunity to succeed and that they're often exploited even there, he says that over the past century, "We've gone from carrying cotton-balls to carrying footballs."

A TOUGH ONE FOR JUDGE AGLIANO

Testimony continued last week in Monterey County Superior Court in Salinas, Calif. in a trial to determine whether the city of Oakland can force the Raiders to return from Los Angeles under the power of eminent domain. That power is normally used by governments to seize real property for use as roads, parks and the like, and Oakland's efforts to invoke it to bring back the Raiders met with resistance from the team, which argued that if the city can seize a privately held sports franchise, it might do the same with, say, Kaiser Aluminum Corp., one of its biggest employers. Judge Nat A. Agliano was expected to listen to two more weeks of testimony before reaching a verdict, but attorneys for the city and the team, David Self and Moses Lasky, respectively, had already quickly gotten to the nub of the dispute.

Noting that Oakland's citizens had developed "an intense attachment" to the Raiders, Self maintained that the hypothetical situation cited by the Raiders was absurd. "People do not dance in the streets when Kaiser Aluminum turns in a good quarter," he said. "People do not go into the Kaiser Building on alternate Sundays and watch Kaiser employees battle Alcoa employees."

This prompted Lasky to ask: "A person is to have his property taken away from him because people want to dance in the streets?"

Good luck, Your Honor.

LEGAL BLUES FOR THE NHL

There would have been no thought of such an eminent domain suit on Oakland's part, of course, if the Raiders hadn't first won a federal antitrust proceeding that allowed them to move to L.A. over the NFL's objections. The NFL lost that suit—and a resulting treble-damages judgment of \$50 million—even though it could argue, accurately, that the Raiders had a rabid following in Oakland and had made tons of money there.

What, then, is one to make of the federal antitrust suit that Ralston Purina Company, which owns the St. Louis Blues, filed in U.S. District Court last week against the NHL, whose board of governors had rejected the proposed sale and relocation of the team to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan? By contrast with the Raiders' situation in Oakland, the Blues, according to Ralston Purina, have lost \$19 million in the six years that the firm has owned the club. Thus, the Blues may have even more justification for wanting to move than the Raiders did.

Discussing Ralston Purina's lawsuit, NHL President John A. Ziegler Jr. noted that under NHL rules the Blues' relocation required approval of three-quarters of the league's 21-member board of governors but had received only three favorable votes. "I'm not aware of anything that suggests we've not acted in accordance with our rules and regulations," Ziegler said. Just as NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle had done in the Raiders' antitrust case, Ziegler appeared to have missed the point. The issue to be resolved by the lawsuit isn't whether the NHL violated its own rules but whether it breached a more compelling set of rules: those embodied in the Sherman Antitrust Act of 1890.

THEY SAID IT

● John Tonelli, New York Islander left wing, who was arrested on a charge of driving while impaired the night the Islanders won the Stanley Cup, when asked what he and President Reagan talked about when the team visited the White House: "I asked him for a pardon."

● Buddy Bell, Texas third baseman, commenting on the Rangers' stronger-than-expected showing so far this season: "We're not so bad as people thought, although that's not saying much." **END**

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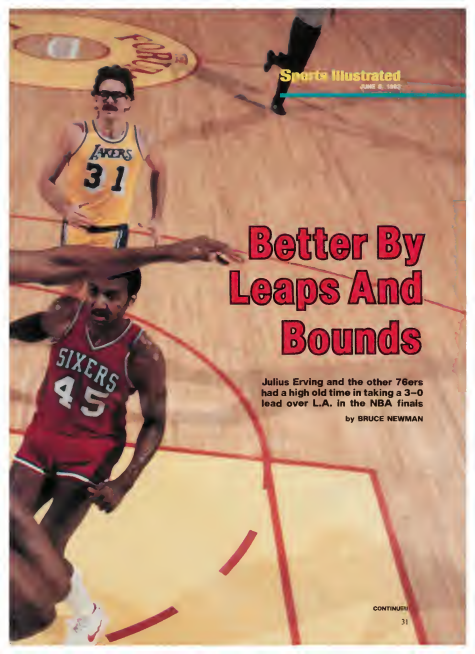
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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 8, 1982

Better By Leaps And Bounds

Julius Erving and the other 76ers
had a high old time in taking a 3-0
lead over L.A. in the NBA finals

by BRUCE NEWMAN

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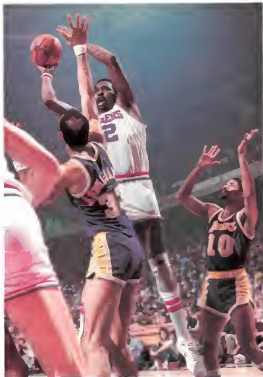
They stood there for a moment, gazing at each other as bodies wheeled around them through the lane. Moses Malone of the Philadelphia 76ers cradled the ball in his relatively tiny hands, and as he looked into the goggled eyes of the Los Angeles Lakers' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, it was as if both centers knew that what was about to happen in the Inglewood Forum would somehow change the existing order.

L.A. had just cut the Sixers' lead to 90-84 with 4:40 to play in Sunday's third game of the NBA championship series, and now victory was in danger of slipping away. Philadelphia had faced these moments before, having been to the finals in 1977, 1980 and 1982 without winning a title. Even in 1977 with a 2-0 lead in games, just as they had now, the 76ers had found a way to lose.

Now Malone slowly moved to his right, gathering speed as he attempted to pass Abdul-Jabbar and reach the basket. "We're just like a little train," Malone would say later, describing the new Sixers. "Once we get our motor going, we just get more aggressive."

Malone, now under a full head of steam, chugged by Abdul-Jabbar, who was forced to foul as Malone canned the shot. The resulting three-point play gave Philadelphia a 93-84 lead. A minute and a half later, Malone went rumbling past Abdul-Jabbar for another three-point play, and on the 76ers' next possession he converted on a five-foot scoop shot. Malone had made all eight of his team's points when the Sixers needed them most; his spurt preserved the victory—the final score was 111-94—that gave Philadelphia a seemingly insurmountable 3-0 lead in the series.

In the most important game in the team's recent history, Malone not only carried the 76ers with 28 points and 19 rebounds, but he also removed any doubt that may have lingered about who the league's dominant center is. For a span of 31 minutes and 32 seconds, from late in the first quarter until deep into the fourth, Malone pushed and shoved and clawed at Abdul-Jabbar, who is perhaps the best offensive player in the sport's history, and kept him from scoring a field goal. It was an astounding display of



Malone towered over Abdul-Jabbar, outscoring him 79-65, outrebounding him 49-23.

muscle and will, qualities the 76ers had always seemed to lack. By going on to win the championship trophy for the first time in 16 years—and no NBA club has ever come back from a 3-0 deficit in a best-of-seven series—the Sixers could surely claim to be one of the best teams ever.

When Philly signed Malone last summer, he was expected to end all those years of frustration. But, of course, he was never part of all that and never cared much for the questions asked him about the 76ers' past disappointments. It was the veterans of the previous campaigns—starting with the devastating loss to Portland in Julius Erving's first season with the Sixers, 1976-77—that Philadelphia Coach Billy Cunningham was thinking about last week. "They've been knocked down a few times, but I think it shows

great character that they've always been able to pick themselves up and come back," he said of his players. "In business you can be No. 2 and still be considered pretty successful. Look at Avis; it has built its whole advertising campaign around being second. But in sports, winning is everything, and sometimes it can get a little cruel."

Past failures were never far from the 76ers' minds this season, and sometimes that seemed cruel, too. They won 65 games in the regular season, the fourth-best record ever, but they weren't able to enjoy the ride. "We didn't want to feel we'd achieved anything," Cunningham said. "All we wanted was to be back in a position to win the championship." When Erving was asked Sunday how it felt to finally be on the verge of the championship he has chased for seven years,

his response was typical. "I don't think it's appropriate to talk about it now, because it hasn't happened yet," he said. "I mean, I may leave here and get hit by a truck or something."

It was the Lakers who felt they'd been run over by something last week, and the destruction typically occurred in the second half. In the three games they were outscored 173-130 after halftime. "If you don't get us early," Cunningham said, "you're in trouble. The second half has been ours."

If the Lakers were alarmed at being down two games to none after two losses in Philadelphia, they had good reason, because the 76ers had yet to put together an exceptional game of their own. Philly had controlled crucial stretches of the first two games on the boards and with its defense, but until Sunday the Sixers were never able to get their offensive game

cranked up. "We're not playing as fluidly as we did earlier in the year," acknowledged Reserve Guard Clint Richardson after a 103-93 76er victory in Game 2. "I really don't think we've reached our peak yet." Most of the Sixers seemed to concur with that on Saturday as they prepared for the next day's Game 3. "We haven't played a full game yet," Point Guard Maurice Cheeks said, "but we've been able to come up with the big plays at big times. Out here we may have to play a full 48 minutes."

Going into the series, the Lakers thought the 76ers would find a way to self-destruct, as they'd done in playoffs past. This was the third championship match between the two teams in four years, and especially in 1982 the Sixers had allowed themselves to be bullied in the backcourt. The 76ers suffered from inexperience and lack of depth at guard,

and the Lakers made them pay. A year ago it was a seiythelike trapping zone that prevented Philadelphia from getting into its offense. "They've always had the confidence, the arrogance when they've played us," Richardson says. "I think some of their guys in the backcourt are a little surprised now when they push us and we push back."

The Lakers were more than just surprised. "I think," L.A. Point Guard Norm Nixon said, "that we were shocked by their physicalness and their overall aggressiveness."

The Sixers asserted their strength from the beginning of Game 1. In the first two minutes the Lakers reeled off five fast breaks, trying to crack Philadelphia's defense with early speed. But Los Angeles was able to pick up only a pair of Magic Johnson free throws from the early flurry and turned the ball over eight times in the first period. Near the end of the quarter the Lakers trailed by 12 points.

Philadelphia had lost the first game of last year's finals when it allowed L.A. 41 points in the third quarter, most of them on fast breaks. But this time the 76ers were determined to choke off the Laker attack, and so every time Malone shot from the low post, three Philadelphia players backpedaled to Los Angeles' end of the floor. The Sixers were particularly eager to stop the 6'9" Johnson from taking rebounds—as a guard, he's the Lakers' rebounding leader—and going end to end with the ball, and this they did. L.A. scored a meager 23 points off its running game, compared with 36 for Philly, and though the Lakers did take a brief five-point lead in the third period, they faded badly in the fourth quarter and lost 113-107.

Abdul-Jabbar, who had been a dominant force throughout the earlier rounds of the playoffs against Portland and San Antonio, suddenly looked like the 36-year-old man he is. In 22 second-half minutes, he left short all five of his sky-hook attempts and had no rebounds. In the four games Abdul-Jabbar had played against the Sixers this season through Sunday (he missed one regular-season encounter because of a migraine headache), he had had only 25 rebounds in 142 minutes, compared with Malone's 78

continued

Cheeks's aggressive play was typical of the improvement in this season's Sixer team.



in 187 minutes. In Game 1 of the finals, Malone led the Sixers with 27 points and 18 rebounds, and Erving added 20 points, 10 rebounds, nine assists and five blocked shots. But if one 76er could be designated as the hero of the first game, it was Richardson, who came off the bench and contributed 15 points, four steals and a superb defensive job on Johnson in the fourth quarter. Meanwhile the Sixers exploited the Lakers' zone trap, slicing through it for easy baskets. "We worked on the trap pretty extensively," Cheeks said. "When they trapped, we tried to use it to our advantage."

L.A. played Game 1 without Bob McAdoo, its best big man off the bench, who had suffered a deep bruise of his left thigh in the clinching sixth game of the Western Conference finals against the Spurs. Also, Swingman Michael Cooper had so painfully bruised a rib in that game that he passed out later in the locker room. The Lakers were beaten up in their series with San Antonio and beaten down by the fact that the first game of the finals was only 40 hours after their last game against the Spurs. In Philadelphia they were just beaten—like a drum. It didn't help that Nixon was briefly



knocked unconscious less than three minutes into the first game in a collision with Sixer Guard Andrew Toney. Both players were woozy for a while, but both came back and played well. Toney scored 25 points, and Nixon, who could barely raise his left arm the rest of the day, responded with a remarkable 26.

The Lakers had attributed most of their shortcomings in Game 1 to fatigue, but after Coach Pat Riley had gone over the videotapes of the defeat, he sounded a cautionary note at a team meeting the next day. "Their disposition to dominate has been better than yours," Riley warned. "You can't let them feel that way. They're taking it [the championship] away from you." Later that day, Abdul-Jabbar stopped by the newsstand outside the Lakers' hotel and bought several martial arts magazines, perhaps to help prepare himself for the resumption of his war with Malone.

Riley opened Game 2 with Forward Kurt Rambis guarding Malone, hoping to keep Kareem out of early foul trouble. Whatever advantage the strategy might have offered, the Lakers were conceding that the Sixers now dictated the matchups and that Los Angeles would have to react to Philadelphia's strength. It was a psychological watershed, and after the 76ers had won the game, Malone could not seem to let this matter alone. When Abdul-Jabbar had gotten in foul trouble in the previous game, Malone had ridiculed the Lakers for putting 6' 8" For-

This Game 2 dunk was one of the few instances in which Magic got to pull his tricks.



The Lakers whined at Garretson when they got a meager five free throws in Game 2.

ward Mark Landsberger on him. "Landsberger's like a little grinding machine they put on your knees." Moses had said Rambis had been more effective fighting Malone for position under the basket, but still Malone couldn't comprehend how L.A. could come at him with anything but its best. "I don't understand why they got Rambis checking me; ain't no 6' 8" guy going to check me," said Malone, who is 6' 11" and at least 255 pounds, compared with Rambis' 215. "He can't guard me. They keep sticking that little guy on me like that. I might have a field day. The thing is, they've got to adjust to us now, we don't adjust to them. They know I've got to check Kareem, because nobody else on our team can, so that's not going to change. They put Rambis on me, if I get it down low it's over with. I ain't going to shoot no jumpers over him, I'm just going up."

Through 6:41 of the second quarter, Rambis had actually outscored Malone 7-2, and with 1:24 left in the half the Lakers led 54-45, largely on the strength of a 26-17 rebounding edge. But Abdul-Jabbar had spent enough time on Malone to pick up his fourth foul with 6:17 to go in the third quarter, and as soon as he went to the bench, Philadelphia brought the ball right to the heart of the L.A. defense, scoring three straight layups to go from five points behind to one ahead. The Sixers held a four-point lead by the time Malone drew his fifth foul with 7:58 left

in the game, and as Cunningham sent in 6' 9" backup Earl (The Twirl) Cureton, he was "very concerned." But during the next five minutes and 34 seconds something remarkable happened, and Cureton, who played Abdul-Jabbar very well in last year's Game 2, deserved some of the credit. Not only did Cureton throw down a skyhook over the shot's creator, but he presented an irresistible target for the L.A. offense. Soon the Lakers were funneling everything into Abdul-Jabbar, who at 7' 2" has a five-inch advantage on Cureton, and before long the rest of Los Angeles' glittering offense had shut down. No Laker other than Abdul-Jabbar scored while Malone was on the bench, and no L.A. starter except Abdul-Jabbar scored a point during the fourth quarter, the lot of them going 0 for 9. Nixon, who was 4 for 13 in Game 2, later conceded, "In the fourth quarter I was nowhere to be found."

The Lakers' 13 possessions after Malone went to the bench resulted in three baskets, and they turned the ball over eight times. The 76ers played a swarming, help-out defense in the middle, and with Cureton batting two balls loose,

shot only 8 for 21 from the field. "Over the years, that's been a habit we've fallen into, trying to ram it in there while the rest of us stand around letting him do all the work."

The Lakers weren't just upset with themselves after Game 2. Referee Darrell Garretson, the league's chief of officials, and John Vanak, another veteran ref, sent the 76ers to the free-throw line 32 times, and Philadelphia converted 23 of its foul shots. Los Angeles shot a championship-series-game-record five free throws—none in the second half, when NBA games tend to be their roughest—and made three. Afterward, Riley claimed that Garretson was responsible for the 29-16 disparity in fouls called.

"Realistically, if they're not getting layups and they're only taking jumpers, how are they going to get to the foul line?" asked Erving. "Who was driving for them tonight? Not Magic. Not Nixon. Not Kareem."

Riley's complaints about Garretson seemed to have the effect of giving the Lakers another excuse—to go along with Game 1's fatigue—for losing to the 76ers. L.A. found it difficult to give Philadelphia its due, even after being outplayed twice. "They didn't want to win those first two games," said Nixon. "You could see they didn't really want to win, but we just couldn't take advantage of it."

Game 3 made it evident that the Lakers weren't able to adjust to the Sixers' aggressiveness even though Abdul-Jabbar grabbed 15 rebounds. "Through the pain of losing four of the last seven years," Riley said, "the 76ers have conjured up an emotional level that is probably more significant than ours. It seems like, at the appropriate time, they were always able to take their level of aggressiveness to another level."

Up is a place particularly familiar to Erving, who levitated his game on Sunday with 21 points and 12 rebounds. And when the Doctor, who has been most often identified with the 76ers' long struggle for the championship, was asked what he would do with the NBA championship ring he has chased for seven years, Erving, who already has a surfeit of rings, said, "I probably won't even wear it. They can give it to me in any size." Just so long as they give it to him.



Riley was saying, come on, guys, give me a break.

Bobby Jones two others and Checks a fifth, the Sixers had a 95-87 lead when Malone returned. By then the game was, in effect, over. "We were probably so intent on getting Kareem the ball that it took us out of what we were trying to do," said Forward Jamar Wilkes, who

END



Udo Beyer Beware, The U.S. Is There



U.S. shotputters have long been trying to get over a hump. Although nine of them have thrown 70 feet or more since Randy Matson first reached that mark in 1965—nine non-Americans have also—American putters haven't won an Olympic gold medal since Matson did in 1968. They've been particularly stymied by East Germany's Udo Beyer, the 1976 Olympic champion at Montreal. Beyer, who is still only 27, has been the world's No. 1-ranked putter for the last six years. His 1978 heave of 72' 8" stands as the world record. Beyer himself stands 6' 4½" and weighs 287 pounds. Clearly, he's a considerable hump.

But not, it now seems, an insurmountable one. With the '84 Games just 14 months away, no fewer than six Americans are approaching Beyer's range, among them Brian Oldfield and Dave Laut, co-holders of the U.S. record at 72' 3". "It's more thrilling than the shot's ever been in this country," says Oldfield, 38, who has seen or caused every thrill, controversy and technical advancement in the event since Matson.

The U.S. resurgence continued last Saturday at the Bruce Jenner/Michelob Light Classic in San Jose, Calif., where Laut, Oldfield and rapidly improving Mike Lehmann pounded the chalk dust out of the 70-foot line. The competition had hardly begun when the 26-year-old Laut, spinning his 6' 4", 250-pound frame through a 340-degree turn,

Laut won at the Jenner meet with 1983's top put. He shares the U.S. record with ...

After a dry spell, America has six shotputters ready to challenge the East German world-record holder

by CRAIG NEFF

punched out the year's longest throw, a 71' 2" effort that eclipsed a 70' 10 3/4" heave by Ohio State graduate Kevin Atkins two weeks earlier in Modesto, Calif. Laut, the world's second-ranked putter in 1982, was an all-too-solid, muscle-bound 280-pounder until 1980, when Oldfield taught him the rotation technique that he had perfected in 1974. Choosing style over substance, Laut shed 30 pounds and cut back his weightlifting in favor of speed and flexibility drills. "Brian has proved that size isn't that important," Laut says. "When he was back in pro track he could high-jump, what, 6' 6"? I wish I could tell all the younger throwers, 'Hey, don't get caught up in that weight-room stuff.'"

Laut doesn't fit the Oldfield-inspired image of the snarling, wild-eyed shotputter. He's clean-cut and congenial and lives quietly with his wife, Jane, and his German shepherd, Kelsey, in Santa Barbara. He grew up faithfully putting the shot in Oxnard, Calif., with his father, Jim, a high school science teacher who took up the event right along with his son and became a 40-foot masters-division thrower. "It was kind of neat," says Dave. "We'd be out there together, each cursing at the shot."

Laut's main worry on Saturday afternoon was the 6' 1", 270-pound Lehmann, whose mighty samurai screams shook the stadium at San Jose City College on each attempt. Lehmann, who recently graduated from Illinois, does fit the snarling, wild-eyed image. He works himself into such a competitive fury that when he comes out of it, he can't recall any of his histrionics.

Feeling fully rested after intentionally skipping most of the 1983 indoor season, Lehmann sent his second throw 70' 3 3/4" on Saturday—a personal best by more than a foot—and his third 70' 1 1/2". The worst of his five legal tosses was 67' 9 3/4". Yet he was still disappointed. "My goal here was to win," he said glumly, and he seemed depressed by his continuing lack of recognition. "There are people in

Champaign who still don't know me," he said.

"Count your blessings," said Oldfield.

Oldfield's throws stayed just shy of Laut's and Lehmann's on Saturday, not bad for a 38-year-old who smokes, has just recovered from a groin pull and was complaining that his long hair was causing the shot to slip off his neck. "Gonna get me a preppie haircut," he growled, glancing at Laut. Oldfield still likes to think that shotputters are chasing his world record, and well he should. No one has yet matched any of the three marks (75', 73' 8", 73' 1") he established in the mid-1970s while competing in the International Track Association. Because the now-defunct ITA was a pro circuit, however, those records are not officially recognized by the amateur track world.

Oldfield's longest put at San Jose, 69' 7 3/4", turned out to be the best third-place throw in history. Yet it might well have been a best sixth-place effort if Atkins, SMU's Michael Carter and Oregon's Dean Crouser (SI, May 30), the world's fourth-ranked thrower in 1982, had been present. At 6' 5" and 290, Atkins is Beyer's equal in strength. "If he ever gets his technique even 80 percent right he'll throw 75 feet," says Laut. To psych himself up, Atkins has recently tried roaring at the crowd like an enraged lion. It must work: He has improved his PR by five feet over the last two years. The 22-year-old Carter, in contrast, doesn't say much of anything to anybody. He came out of Dallas' Jefferson High in 1979, having thrown the 12-pound shot 81' 3 3/4", a national record that no other schoolboy has come within 10 feet of. A knee injury he incurred as the starting noseguard for SMU's football team kept him from throwing in 1982. Carter, a 275-pounder with 34-inch thighs—shotputting power



... Oldfield, whose hair got in the way in San Jose.

comes from the legs—has a style that Laut calls "smooth as glass." Laut adds, "Carter knows the feeling of throwing a shot a long way. He's the one that's going to be dangerous."

Laut showed how dangerous he can be when he settled Saturday's competition for good with a 71' 11 3/4" effort equaling history's sixth-best by an amateur. But all of America's top six throwers have both world-record and gold-medal potential. Says Oldfield, "I'll tell you this, anyone who's coming out from behind that [Iron] Curtain better pock a lunch, 'cause they're going to have a hard time beating us."

Caveat Udo. Let Beyer beware

The Block Party That Backfired



Even teamwork by the two Unseres could not put a stop to Tom Sneva's run to his first Indianapolis triumph
by **ROBERT F. JONES**

For a while there last Sunday it looked as if blood might prove thicker than methanol. But in the final laps of another hyperdramatic Indianapolis 500, Tom Sneva shot past a whole branch of the Unser family—the two AIs, Big and Little—to win his first Speedway victory after three painful second-place finishes in six years. Emerging from a lengthy 27-second pit stop that allowed Al Unser Sr. to take the lead with 70 miles to go, Sneva found himself astern of Al Jr., lying in 10th place but traveling directly in back of—albeit a lap behind—his father and thus conveniently situated to run a little interference.

Every time Sneva closed up the straights preparatory to passing Lit-

tle at more than 200 mph, he nipped down toward the inside apron, almost running his left wheels onto the infield grass, shot past Little Al's Eagle-Cosworth and set his sights on Big Al. In the backstretch he gobbled him up: Unser's yellow Hertz-sponsored Penske PC-11 fell behind like a pooped-out rental car. In his final pit stop, Big Al had decided against a change of tires for the dash to the checkered flag. He'd saved time—his stop took only 16 seconds—and gained the lead, but with Sneva coming at him, he sure could have used the extra traction of fresh rubber. Once past Big Al, Sneva was home free. His white March 83C with Cosworth V-8 turbo crossed the finish line with an average speed for the 500 miles of 162.117 mph, only a tick slower than the late Mark Donohue's record 162.962 for the race set 11 years ago.

Sneva, who would turn 35 three days after Indy, has known more frustration at the Speedway than any other current

man won his unprecedented fourth Indy. A year later, he was nipped by Al Unser—thus making this year pleasant revenge—and two years after that he was edged by Johnny Rutherford, who had to sit out this year's Indy with crash-crunched lower leg bones. But everyone knew Sneva would eventually stop being snakebit, and by the halfway point Sunday it was clear the time was at hand. His car was decidedly the quickest in what remained of a record-fast field.

There was a muted tone to the start of this 67th 500. Speedway veterans couldn't remember a quieter pre-race crowd. That omphalos of obstreperousness, the intersection of 16th Street and Georgetown Road at the track's southwest corner, is normally abrawl with drunks, dopers and nightstick-happy cops on the night before the race. This year there was scarcely a word spoken in sufficient anger to be heard over the whine and bang of Screaming Meemie

In the late going, Sneva (5) was chasing Big Al (7)—with Little Al (19) running interference for his dad. On Lap 191, Sneva blew past the son and then the father.



tle Al, the younger Unser would twitch his steering wheel and ease out into Sneva's path. Lap after lap the carrot-topped 21-year-old shut the gate on his father's pursuer. "Yes, I did try," he admitted later with his Huck Finn grin. "Sure I saw the flag guy"—the race official flashing a yellow-striped blue flag at Al Jr., requesting that he keep his line and thus allow Sneva to pass—"but I wasn't going to move over."

Then on the 191st lap, with less than 25 miles remaining, Sneva made his move. Following along the main straight

top-line driver. In 1975 he was cruising nicely toward the end of the race when he tipped another car's tire and crashed in flames in Turn 2. Bobby Unser, Big Al's brother, now retired, said it was the most violent crash he'd ever witnessed. In 1977, while driving an impeccably prepared Penske car, Sneva, who had become the first driver to exceed 200 mph at the Brickyard, sat on the pole and led much of the race, only to lose by less than half a minute to A.J. Foyt Jr., as the great

firecrackers or the gentle gurgle of retching buccanalians. Perhaps it was better crowd control, perhaps a still sickly economy in the industrial Middle West—or perhaps it was fear over what promised to be a deadly dangerous start.

Fully 10 cars had qualified at speeds of more than 200 mph, led by rookie Teo Fabi of Milan, Italy at 207.395, and four more had clocked single laps at 200 or better. Fabi, a quick study, had used Carburetion Day—the Thursday before the

continued

500—to run with a race set-up and again was fastest of the 33-car field, at 201 and change. He also discovered that his car handled poorly in the turbulent wakes of other racers. Small wonder he still insisted that to win the pole had been more important to him than winning the race would be. “After all,” he explained through an interpreter, “it will require enormous good fortune to last 500 miles and win the race.” His team, he knew,

smooth order at the start, providing a balm to anxious spectators’ hearts. Fabin’s March-Cosworth—The Flying Green Snuffbox, as it had come to be called by the cognoscenti—opened up a five-second lead by the 10th lap, attaining that margin at a record-tying average of 194.966 mph, and a seven-second bulge by the time he first pitted, for 24 seconds to take on tires and fuel, on the 24th lap. Back on the road again, he was

against the upper wall. Under the yellow, there was mass pitting for fuel and tires. When the green light came on again five laps later, Big Al had grabbed the lead, and Sneva had shown his car’s ultimate promise by closing up to second place while Fabin had slipped to a still-swift fifth. Then Sneva snapped around Al Sr. through Turn 2, the corner that had burned him so badly eight years ago, and the crowd began to take notice of him.

Fabin had moved back up to third place when the next yellow popped: Roger Mears, Rick’s older brother and himself a talented but bad-luck racer, hammered the wall in the short chute between turns 1 and 2, emerging unhurt from the wreckage. Fabin pitted with the others, but suddenly he sprang from the car as his crew grabbed for fire extinguishers. Memories of Rick Mears’s chaotic—and nearly fatal—pit fire of two years ago ignited in many minds, but there were no invisible methanol flames in Fabin’s parking lot. The dry brake seal—the splinter at the mouth of his car’s fuel tank—had pulled off when the fuel nozzle was extracted, and methanol poured out, saturating Fabin’s fire-suit and forming a murderous pool in the pit. Too dangerous to continue.

Fabin’s square shoulders sagged in disappointment—he said he’d been running at little more than half-throttle, his engine, the sweetest sounding at the Speedway this year, getting an unheard-of 2.2 miles per gallon—but he said nothing as he doffed his helmet and walked briskly out of contention and back to Gasoline Alley for a change of clothes. Still, he had won the respect of the Indy gang by his professionalism, and with March mastermind Robin Hard building a new Formula 1 car for Fabin next year to go with his already amazing Indy machine, Fabin is sure to be heard from again.

The race evolved in its middle reaches into a high-speed chase among Big Al; Rahal, a stout, balding man known as Bobby Ray Hall when he races down South; Rick Mears; road-racer Howdy Holmes; Geoff Brabham, son of Black Jack, the former Grand Prix great; and Sneva. At one point about a third of the way into the race, the seven leading cars were on the same lap, a tribute to this year’s exciting equality of designs. One design that didn’t work was Eric Broadley’s Lola, entered by Lola importer Carl Hass and movie star Paul Newman and

continued

Fabin isn't aware of it yet, but this refueling—and his Indy debut—is going irrevocably awry.

was still relatively inexperienced in Indy-car racing, and even the most meticulous planning does not guarantee victory at this car- and man-killing track. Cool and crisply professional though he was, Fabin nonetheless found that his forebodings were correct.

When the green flag flapped after early morning's gray, rain-heavy skies had turned midsummer blue, Fabin leaped to a quick, long lead—reminiscent to old-timers of Duke Nalon's lightning starts in the marvelous Novi of 30 years ago. Indeed, the Duke was driving the pace car for this year's race, the scars from his fiery 1949 crash long since faded into the leather of honorable age. Instead of crashing into one another in a mad dash for Turn 1, as they are too often wont to do, the remaining drivers strung out in

closely followed by Rick Mears, Mike Mosley and a surprisingly fast Bobby Rahal, whose well-drilled crews gained valuable seconds in the fueling stop. The Unsers, père et fils, were lurking within striking range on the same lap as Fabin, but Foyt, whose car had never been really right during the month of pre-race practice, was clearly out of contention. He would retire on the 24th lap with a broken gear-shaft linkage, having been preceded two laps earlier by his Gilmore teammate, George Snider, with a failed ignition system.

The first of the day's five yellow caution flags came out on Lap 27 when racing journalist Patrick Bedard tickled the wall in Turn 4 and with comickend aplomb checked his car's slide down into oncoming traffic and parked it neatly



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driven by a disgruntled Mario Andretti. Andretti hasn't won at Indy since 1969, 14 long, frustrating years ago. On the 80th lap, as he chased Johnny Parsons Jr. into Turn 1, Parsons suddenly lost it, spun directly in front of Andretti and set up the day's first tangle.

"What happened was very simple," Andretti explained when he got back from the field hospital. "Johnny went in too hard, got below the line and bobbed. When he got sideways, I tried to go outside, but he just carried me right into the wall. The side pod hit—it was a hell of an impact. Before that, the car was mediocre at best, but it was drivable and predictable. . . . I'm sore. I'm hurting in my heart. But this place is just something for me. . . . *Que sera, sera*, just another racing accident—what more can I say?"

At the midpoint of the race, Roger Penske's Yellow Peril, a.k.a. the combination of Big Al and Meares, was clutching to a narrow lead over Sneva. But clearly something was gravely amiss with Meares's car. "It started out pushing [oversteering], and then when the fuel got half empty it neutralized," said Meares later. "From half empty to empty it just got loose [understeered]. I had to hit the brakes to stay off the wall. On our first pit stop we lowered the rear flap [wing] and put more stagger in the rear tires, and that helped for a while. The track got slippery as it got warmer, but I was working so hard I couldn't tell much."

Big Al also reported pushing as his main difficulty, and then his car, too, came loose toward the end. Was there a design flaw in this year's Penske creation? Meares rode the brakes so hard all day long that they began to fade on him as the race progressed—the first time that had happened to him on a fast track. "I about spun that thing 15 times today," he said with a wince.

Brabham's fine, charging ride—he blew past the elder Unser on Lap 124, more than 300 miles along the way, to take second place momentarily—was slowed disastrously in the pits on a subsequent stop that lost him more time than he could hope to recover. Rahal, who also threatened from time to time, suddenly felt water sheeting into his cockpit on Lap 110. He thought at first his drinking-water bottle had burst, but then he saw his engine temperature soar and knew the worst: His radiator had split. End of a worthy effort. "I'm probably go-

ing to go home and kick the dog," he quipped with unaccustomed wit.

Mike Mosley, No. 2 on the front row at the start, kept up his tradition of running in hard luck. He was lying sixth on Lap 169 when he lost it in the apex of Turn 1. His yellow March-Cosworth seemed to leap sideways into the gray zone above the line and then spun in a cloud of blue burning rubber. He pounded the wall at nearly 194 mph, the car shedding fiber glass in a yellow burst that sounded like a terrorist bomb. He careened down the banking. Sneva, whipping up from behind, dodged instinctively and cleared Mosley's broken machine by a whisker.

It was during the caution period brought on by Mosley's mishap that Big Al made his momentous tire-change decision while Sneva took extra long in the pits to ensure that his fuel tanks were topped off for the final run. When Sneva took the checkered flag, the tension finally

eased in his pits. He and his chief mechanic, George Bignotti, had screamed at each other on Thursday night over an unexplained oil leak during carburetion, and on Saturday about radio communication procedures. Reports filtered out of the garage area of wrenches being thrown by driver and master mechanic. Sneva's win, though, was the seventh in Bignotti's Indy career as the Wizard of Whiz, and its sweetness did much to allay his testiness. And Sneva's as well.

"The marriage between you and George Bignotti has been stormy on occasions," ran a question Sneva was asked at his postrace press conference. "Is a divorce imminent now?"

"We couldn't be more happy with the situation today," said the plump-checked winner, his eyes bright behind his spectacles. "It feels a lot better than being a bridesmaid. I want to do this some more—it feels that good."

END



Sneva's win was all the sweeter for his having been runner-up three times in six years.



Going... Going... Gone!

Neither Wilfred Scypion nor the game's pooh-bahs could lift Marvin Hagler's title
by PAT PUTNAM

As it turned out, the question of whether Marvelous Marvin Hagler should fight Woeful Wilfred Scypion for the traditional 15 rounds or for only 12, as ordered by the WBC and the WBA, was moot. Two minutes and 47 seconds into the fourth round last Friday night in Providence, R.I., Scypion was flat on his back. And Hagler, whose record now is 57-2-2, had proved, as he does with every title defense, that he is the best middleweight, and probably the best fighter in the world today, regardless of what the alphabetized lords of the ring decree.

From Mexico City the following day,

Jose Sulaiman, president of the WBC, which had ranked Scypion as the No. 1 contender, said he chose to look upon the scuffle as a nontitle fight. So for the moment Hagler, despite having flouted the WBC's 12-round dictum, remains its champion from Panama and Venezuela, the twin WBA power bases, there was only embarrassed silence.

To understand all of this, if one can begin to understand anything happening in boxing these days, one must go back to the death of South Korean Duk Koo Kim after he was knocked out last Nov. 13 by WBA lightweight champion Ray Man-



cini. Soon thereafter, Sulaiman, displaying more compassion than logic, announced that as of Jan. 1, 1983 all WBC championship bouts would be limited to 12 rounds. His rationale was that if the Kim-Mancini fight had ended after 12, Kim would still be alive. Applying that logic retroactively to 1918, of 645 documented fight-connected deaths since then, only 13 would have been prevented. The other 632 fatalities came in 12 rounds or less. And of those 632 fatalities, 190 were amateurs, who fight three rounds or fewer.

The WBA, which follows Sulaiman's lead only when there's money to be made, said it would continue with the 15-round limit.



Hagler's crushing final volley in the fourth stopped Scypion's advance and sent him into the ropes and down for a 10-count.

In the case of unified champions, of which there are only two, Hagler and light heavyweight Michael Spinks, the two groups agreed that they would take turns acting as the "host" organization for title defenses. The other would just be along for a free ride—and the sanction fees. In Hagler's last fight before meeting Scypion, a sixth-round knockout of Tony Sibson in February, the WBC provided the officials and the supervision. That bout was scheduled for 15 rounds because the contracts for a fight of that length had already been signed.

On March 11, Bob Arum, co-promot-

er of last week's bout, received a Telex from Dr. Elias Cordova, the chairman of the WBA championship committee, informing him that the Scypion fight would have WBA officials and be for 15 rounds and that "only under this conditions [sic] the bout will receive the WBA approbation."

Subsequently, however, using the argument that Scypion was the WBC's No. 1 contender but only No. 2 according to the WBA, Sulaiman convinced Gilberto Mendoza, the president of the WBA, that the WBA should pass up its turn in the spotlight. Dr. Cordova, who has his

own independent duchy within the WBA, wouldn't play along.

Hagler was caught in the crossfire. No matter which way he turned, one organization was going to strip him of half his championship. Then a backroom deal was struck. In exchange for the control of Hagler's next two defenses, the WBA agreed to let Sulaiman direct this one.

"Twelve rounds," Sulaiman said happily.

Hagler objected. "Fifteen rounds," he said.

Obviously distressed that a champion would dare speak up, even to a rival organization, Mendoza then decreed that the WBA would sanction only a 12-round fight. It mattered not that this was in direct contravention of the WBA's 15-round rule. Nor did it matter that Sulaiman had agreed to ignore his own new rule by allowing Hagler to fight 15 rounds in each of his two defenses following the Scypion challenge.

continued



Enter the United States Boxing Association, or, more correctly, its hastily put-together offshoot, the USBA/International. "You are our world middleweight champion," said the USBA/I, an organization that, minus the slash and the I, had Scypion as its United States middleweight champion. "If you want to fight 15 rounds, we'll sanction it."

That's all the boxing world needed: a third organization with a third set of ratings and, more than likely, a third set of champions. Said Bill Brennan, the USBA/I's championship committee chairman and former president of the USBA, "We'll be O.K. if we can keep our people honest, keep their hands out of other people's pockets."

For his part, Hagler was more than happy to have the USBA/I's blessing. He said, "I won the title in a 15-round fight, I've defended it six times in 15-round fights, and I'm going to defend it this time in a 15-round fight."

Pat Petronelli, Hagler's co-manager, was more direct: "We're fed up with the WBC and WBA dictating terms to us. How can they sanction this fight for 12 rounds and the next two for 15 rounds? It's bad for the sport. We're taking a stand right now. Marvin is disgusted with both organizations. They keep saying, 'I've going to strip, strip, strip [you of your title]. And we're saying to them, 'If you want to do it, go ahead and do it.' Marvin Hagler will still be the world champion regardless of what they say."

When the fight was postponed from May 13 to May 27 because of an injury to Hagler's left knee, Arum asked Mike Jones, Scypion's co-manager, "You in or out?"

Jones asked for 24 hours to confer with his man. The next day Jones said, "When you get down to the nitty-gritty, one fact stands out: Marvin is the undisputed middleweight champion. How could any governing body deny that? And when Wilford wins the title, he will be the undisputed champion of the world."

Two other facts stood out: When Scypion upset Frank (The Animal) Fletcher in February, he earned the shot at Hagler and the \$350,000, in-



When the subject was hitting the middleweight champ, Scypion badly missed the point.

cluding training expenses, that went with it. If Scypion (26-3) refused to fight, Arum had the option of bringing in a substitute. Given the choice between \$350,000 and the future blessings of the WBC and WBA, Scypion wisely opted for the cash.

Promoter Arum told Sulaiman and the WBC to take a walk.



Sulaiman had two moves left in his repertoire. On May 18 he wired Mike Malitz of Arum's office: "WBC emergency committee voted certification of Hagler-Scypion 15 rounds based on contractual agreement. Our officials will be Arthur Mercante, referee, and judges Tony Perez, Tony Castellano and Mr. Fishenbaum."

"Mr. Fishenbaum" was Stuart Kirschenbaum, the chairman of the Michigan athletic commission, who had already been appointed a judge by the USBA/I. Along with Kirschenbaum the USBA/I had selected Referee Frank Cappuccino, and judges Larry Hazzard and Joe Cortez. A Telex went back to Sulaiman: "Suggest you contact Robert W. Lee, president of the USBA/I." A rough translation: "Drop dead."

As a last resort, Sulaiman tried a direct appeal to Hagler. He placed a call to the champion's training camp in Provincetown, Mass., on the tip of Cape Cod. Co-manager and trainer Goody Petronelli answered the telephone. "I'm confused," Sulaiman said. "Why is Marvin saying all those terrible things

continued

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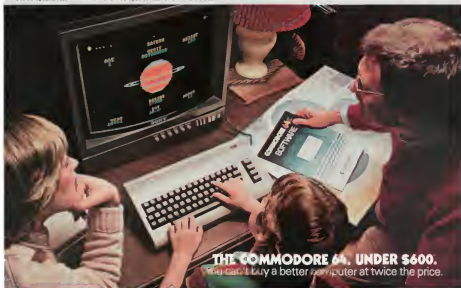
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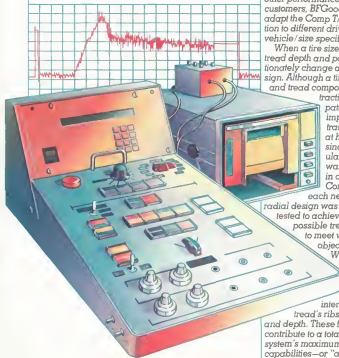
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about me? Why is Bob Arum telling me to stay home?"

"Don't believe all that stuff you read in the papers," Petronelli told him. "A lot of it is getting blown out of proportion."

"I want to talk to Marvin."

Petronelli was firm. "No, not now," he said. "You're a fight person. You know I don't want to get his mind all messed up over this 15- and 12-round stuff. If you want to talk to him after the fight, he'll be glad to talk to you."

"I understand," said Sulaiman. "Tell him I have always respected him and I think he's a great champion."

That's an opinion Scypion seemed to share. He arrived in the ring frozen with fear, and in the first round Hagler hit him with a short and wicked left hook to the head, leaving him barely erect and barely conscious. As Scypion staggered backward into a corner, Hagler went after him—and then backed off. "He was fighting back out of instinct, and that's the time you can get hurt," Hagler said later. "I figured I had 15 rounds, so there was no hurry."

After two more rounds of toying with Scypion, Hagler decided 15 rounds was 11 too many. Early in the third minute of the fourth round, Hagler unleashed a volley of punches—the first being a jarring overhand right—and when he was done, Scypion was down for the count. Just which punch had put him there was unclear. Even the HBO replays couldn't provide the answer.

No matter. When Jones saw Scypion fall, he decided he had taken enough. As Cappuccino counted eight, Jones was starting through the ropes, and at nine he was inside the ring, just as Trainer Victor Valle was last June, when Gerry Cooney, another boxer in the Jones stable, was being pounded by Larry Holmes. Even if Scypion had made it to his feet, and indeed he was trying, he would have been disqualified because his cornerman was in the ring. Officially the result will be listed as a knockout at 2:47.

A few moments later, Hagler, in the bored manner of a veteran mountain

climber who has scaled all the Himalayas, said he was seriously pondering retirement. "I've beaten everything that's out there," he said. "There are no big-money fights for me, and I don't feel like just hanging around waiting for somebody to knock me off. I'm going home for a long rest. I'm going to be with my wife and my family, and I am going to think about it."

Hagler's boredom is understandable. His next fight is scheduled to be against the WBA's top contender, Juan Roldan, a crude and slow Argentinian who dethroned Teddy Mann on Friday night's undercard. After that, Arum has suggested

Hearns wants no part of Hagler, even though the two men almost met last year, before an injury to Hearns's hand canceled the bout.

"Not so," said Mike Trainer, the attorney for Hearns and his manager, Emanuel Steward. "That is the only big-money fight for Marvin. But not yet, although I'll sit down and talk with them about it tomorrow if they want. First Tommy has to defend his title. And then he has to move up and meet a few middleweights to make this a credible fight. Hearns is the only opponent Hagler has who can make him a lot of money. Roldan's a joke. And you can forget Duran and Benitez, because Benitez has beaten Duran and Tommy beat Benitez. If Marvin wants to make a lot of money, he has only one choice—Hearns."

But if Trainer really wants to talk to Hagler, he'll have to get in line. Sulaiman is already knocking on his rebellious champion's front door. "I believe the people with Hagler have abandoned the WBC title," Sulaiman said Saturday. "But I want Hagler to tell me this himself. I respect him; I like him. I will go anywhere to meet with him. I will pay my own way. Only then, after I have talked with Marvin, will I make up my mind whether he's still our champion or has abandoned us. And if he has, we'll find somebody else. At this moment he is still our champion."

Goody Petronelli said that Sulaiman is welcome to sit down and talk with the world champion anytime. "But my brother Pat and I will be there, too," he said. "Anyhow, right now all Marvin is thinking about is taking the summer off. He's worked long and hard, and he deserves a long rest. He's going to get it. In the fall he'll be a new man; he'll be raring to go. Then we can talk about his future."

As Hagler left Providence for his home in Brockton, Mass. on Saturday, he said that fall sounded like a nice time to make his decision. "I'll let you know in September or November." As everyone knows, October is for Halloween, which is almost as scary as Hagler.



After all the fuss, Hagler was still wearing both his old belts.

Roberto Duran, should he win the WBA junior middleweight title from Davey Moore on June 16, and, possibly, Wilfred Benitez, the former WBC super welterweight champ.

Oddly, no one has mentioned Tommy Hearns, who beat Benitez last December for the title and is the one fighter who could provide Hagler with a big payday. In the past, the Hagler camp has said that



Starke dictates that his outdoor hot tub be kept at 105° for his year-round use.

He's The Head Hog, By George

George Starke is a man of many parts but is best known as chief of the Redskins' famed offensive line

by JACK McCALLUM

In some ways 34-year-old George Lawrence Starke—Columbia University graduate, political activist, carpenter, avid cyclist, filmmaker, promoter of reggae music, erstwhile actor and schoolteacher, aspiring TV mogul, writer, Caribbean hedonist, the man who brought Winston (Yellowman) Foster to the attention of Joan Mondale and, oh yes, an offensive captain of the Super Bowl champion Washington Redskins—is the least prepossessing member of the Skins' renowned offensive line. That line is, of course, known as the Hogs, and it's the most famous unit on a team that also includes the Fun Bunch and the Smurfs.

Starke is at least six years older than any of the other eight linemen, including subs, who count as Hogs, and 10 years older than five of them, a truly negative distinction. He has been a starter at right tackle for the last nine years but has nev-

er won any postseason honors. He's strong but not the strongest, big but not the biggest, quick off the ball but not the quickest. He's an excellent pass blocker and more than adequate on the run, but it's the left side of the Skins' line, anchored by Guard Russ Grimm and Tackle Joe Jacoby, that deservedly gets most of the acclaim.

Starke makes decent money, \$165,000 a year, but that's not much more than the minimum of \$140,000 for an 11th-year player; Guard-Tackle Mark May, who's going into his third season, already makes \$105,000, and could pick up another \$20,000 in incentive bonuses. Starke has no such bonus clauses. He is good-looking—modest Afro and mustache, cool sleepy eyes under dark prescription shades, great legs—but among the Hogs any modeling jobs would more likely go to the sleek tight ends, Don

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Warren and Rick (Doc) Walker. Starke is famous in Washington, where he lives year-round, but even there he's often mistaken for May, who rode into town on a wave of first-round draft choice publicity two years ago.

However, Starke has a title, and the others don't. He's Head Hog. These days that means far more than captain.

Originally the Hogs comprised only the Skins' offensive linemen: Starke and Jacoby, guards Grimm, Fred Dean and May (plus two others no longer with Washington, Melvin Jones and Ron Saul), center Jeff Bostic and tight ends Walker and Warren. Running Back John Riggins argued that in life-style (he lives on a farm in Kansas) and temperament he was a Hog. The Hogs eventually agreed and admitted him. All you need to know about the Hogs as an exclusive club is that a free spirit like Riggins petitioned for membership and was accepted, while a walking conglomerate like Quarterback Joe Theismann asked in and was rejected. To all these porkers, even to Riggins, Starke is Head Hog.

"George's role isn't something we sat around and thought up," says Jacoby. "It just kind of came about because we all look up to George, expect him to be the

leader. He's always cool and calm in the games, and he's always there when we need him off the field."

Even non-Hogs feel that way about Starke. "There are some guys who are great players who aren't necessarily great for the team," says Redskin Coach Joe Gibbs. "George is good for the team. Intelligent, team-oriented, a great sense of humor, a guy who keeps people loose. A successful team has to have a guy or two like George Starke."

Off the field Starke holds the reins of Hog leadership even more securely than he does on it. The Hogs aren't the best offensive line ever, but they're surely the first to be incorporated. Credit Starke, who three months ago formed Super Hogs, Inc. "After we became famous Washington went absolutely crazy with Hog products," says Starke. "and because we weren't incorporated, we never got a penny. For me, it was a natural. I can put together a company in a second."

Indeed, he had already launched Starke-Reid Televideo, KSR Group and George Starke Communications, but more on them later. "One thing I really didn't need was another company," Starke says, "but I just couldn't resist. I want these guys to make some money out

of this. We could've gone into it halfway and made a couple hundred dollars on T shirts or something, but I don't go into things halfway."

No, he doesn't, and because of his aggressiveness the Hogs should get more than their share of the porkpie. Starke has contracted with a manufacturer to produce pennants, T shirts, bumper stickers, key chains, buttons, sports bags, painters' hats, etc., all of them featuring the official Hogs logo—a befeathered, winking hog. Can a line of Hogette products be far behind?

A Saturday afternoon last month found the Hogs, minus Tackle Don Lastner and Riggins, who often doesn't participate in revenue-producing Hog activities because of his megabuck salary, gathered at a pig farm in Leesburg, Va. in formal attire with top hats. The occasion was a photo session that produced an official Hogs poster and may have put Hollywood just a hog call away. An independent producer named Walter Reed, who was helping make the poster, had two television crews shoot film while the Hogs were posing as the basis for a comedy pilot that he will try to peddle to the networks. The Hogs would play themselves. As for the pilot, there's this farm, see, that's rented out to the Hogs—who cares why—and the offensive line features all these zany characters. They're always getting the prize hog drunk and . . . Green Acres ran for six seasons with Eva Gabor in peignoirs, so don't count out large athletes in BVDs.

Much of the work of Super Hogs, Inc. has been done out of Starke's home in the Mount Pleasant area of D.C. Most of his film, music and monkey business—considerable undertakings all—is done there, too. The telephone is in constant use. If Starke is judged unfit for the kingdom of Heaven, as punishment he will be sent to a place where the phones don't work.

It is significant that Starke is the only Redskin who lives year-round in the city. "I'm what you call an urban personality," he says. Most of the Skins live in Washington's tony suburbs. Mount Pleasant is, in Starke's words, a "former ghetto" that's now being gentrified. His three-



Starke came into the NFL back in '71, but Bugel thinks he can play four more years.

story house, built about 100 years ago, looked every bit its age when Starke bought it in 1976 for \$55,000. He spent three years as a live-in renovator, rebuilding it—the plumbing was one of the last things completed, so that meant three years of using a neighbor's john—and his workmanship is impressive.

To the existing structure Starke added a garage, sundeck and porch. On the porch sits a hot tub kept constantly at 105°, so even in the middle of winter he and his companions can heat up. Inside, Starke rebuilt all the walls and refinished the woodwork and hardwood floors. His own living quarters on the second floor are a monument to both pleasure (skylight, sunken tub, Franklin stove) and business (a full office with two desks, both covered with paperwork). When Starke rests his head on his king-sized bed he sees a picture of the Hogs on the opposite wall. A more appealing choice might have been one of the racy photos that hang in his office; it shows, among other things, a pair of elegant, black-stockinged legs propped provocatively on a staircase railing. The setting for the photo was Starke's house; the photographer, Starke.

Near that picture is a map of the Atlantic with an arrow pointing to the small island of Bequa, the northernmost of the Grenadines and not exactly a tourist stop. Starke spends about six weeks a year on Bequa, where he owns a second house—a seven-story cement and stone edifice built into a cliff overhanging the water. "There's much to admire in George's life-style," says Redskins General Manager Bobby Beathard with a heavy sigh.

It may seem illogical for an "urban personality" like Starke to take refuge on a remote island like Bequa, but then Starke is a complex man who's difficult to categorize. Consider:

He's an outspoken and active member of the NFL Players Association—he acts as sort of an unofficial assistant to Washington player rep Mark Murphy—yet while he battles for group rights, he seems biased about his own contract.

Though he considers himself underpaid, he doesn't have an agent and has had only one publicized set-to with the Washington front office, and that in 1977. "I just don't like to nitpick about money," says Starke.

Like most bachelors who appreciate

quainted with a fellow named Jose Cuervo, but Starke stays in shape because he has mastered the art of moderation. On the evenings during mimicamp, for example, he left The Child Harold well before midnight. He didn't necessarily go home alone, but he went home.



This "official portrait" of the Hogs—from left) Grimm, Dean, Starke, May, Jacoby, Warren, Bostic and Walker (seated)—will soon be put on the market in poster form.

women and who aren't outright teetotalers, he is regarded as a bon vivant. "We're supposed to follow George's example on the field and stay away from it off the field," says May, only half-kidnappingly. Yet Gibbs and Offensive Coordinator Joe Bugel praise Starke for his physical conditioning. At last month's mimicamp Starke beat all the Hogs, including the loafing Riggins, in the dreaded 12-minute run, just as he did last year. He's a regular at several D.C. watering holes, particularly The Child Harold near DuPont Circle, where one can order a George Starke sandwich (corned beef, paté, cole slaw on rye), and he's well ac-

He's an ardent supporter of black candidates and black causes (pinned to a visor in Starke's car is a button that says ATTICA IS ALL OF US), yet most of Starke's steady women friends have been white. They have included Sophie Engelhard, the fabulously rich daughter of the late Charles Engelhard, who made a fortune in platinum and other precious metals, and Eleanor Mondale, the 22-year-old daughter of presidential candidate Walter Mondale.

continued

Starke still sees Engelhard, whom he dated for nine years, on a casual basis. "We just decided mutually to break up," he says. Of Mondale, who recently moved to Los Angeles, where she's an aspiring actress working as an account executive with a film production company, he says, "We're still friends." Starke will work for her father if he gets the Democratic nomination next year. Starke is certainly the only lineman in America to

ably because he frequently talks with them about things other than sports. He claims he doesn't like football any better than basketball, bike riding or tennis, yet he'll be positively rhapsodic over what he calls "the moments when it's mano a mano, eyeball-to-eyeball, when there are great plays, fortitude, response to pressure, great men going against great men, Redskins against Cowboys." Side by side on his coffee table lie copies of *Mother*

fully for the tight end position even though at 245 pounds he was the Lions' biggest lineman. He did not even make All-Ivy, though he enjoyed a reputation on campus as a bit of a Renaissance man. He left Columbia between his freshman and sophomore years for a year of study at The Institute of Design and Construction in Brooklyn, during which time he became what he called a "commuter to the student riots" of 1968. In his junior and senior years he was the starting center on nationally ranked Columbia basketball teams that, led by Jim McMillian and Heyward Dotson, finished 20-4 and 20-5. He audited graduate courses in filmmaking and received a liberal arts degree in 1971.

"George alienated some people at school because things came so easily to him," says Stuart Reid, his Columbia roommate and still a business partner. "The only thing jockey about him was his size."

The NFL apparently didn't see much jockey about Starke, either. The Redskins didn't draft him until the 11th round, and gave him a modest \$3,500 signing bonus. Starke immediately spent the bonus on a 1971 Datsun 200Z and vowed never to get rid of it; he still drives it. The Redskins weren't as faithful to Starke—they traded him during training camp to Kansas City. He was then released by the Chiefs, taught junior high history and math in Yonkers, N.Y., was signed by Dallas in the following off-season, was dropped by the Cowboys in August of '72 and was claimed by Washington. Commuting to the riots was easier than this. He spent the Redskins' 1972 Super Bowl season on their taxi squad before finally getting his shot at right tackle in 1973. He has been a consistent starter since '74; he played in 65 consecutive games before injuring a knee midway through the '78 season. He has missed only five games since. "If he continues to take care of himself, he can play for another four years," says Bagel.

Starke formed his first business, a production company called Starke-Reid Televidco, in the off-season of 1973 in New York. Its first success came within a year—a series of commercials, some of which still air in the New York area, for Edwinn Gould Services for Children. Starke was executive producer and also had a speaking part in those ads. "No use

continued



When the work piles up in Starke's home office, he can chart an escape to Bogalia.

have called Joan Mondale with *Mother's* Day wishes.

Starke's association with Eleanor, whom he met in the summer of 1962 when she tended bar at The Child Harold, has received considerable attention. It was mentioned by Gary Smith in his article on candidate Mondale in the May 26 issue of *Rolling Stone*: "I have a fine and strong daughter, a free person. She's got a lot of friends, and George is one of them," Mondale told Smith. In a recent item about their relationship in a gossip column in *The Washington Times*, Starke was called a "divine and decidedly dusky Redskin." Not willing to be merely racist, the item was also careless, spelling Starke's last name without the "e." "I don't care about the 'dusky' thing," says Starke, "but I think I'll sue them for spelling my name wrong."

In private Starke carps about the ignorance of the football press, yet he gets along quite well with sportswriters, prob-

Jones, and *Handbook of Winning Football*, by George Allen.

As one might expect, Starke's football career began unconventionally. He was climbing into the New Rochelle (N.Y.) High swimming pool hoping to become the world's first great 200-pound black freestyler when the football coach spotted him and dragged him off to the practice field. He played defensive end, pulling guard, fullback and, when football powers like Notre Dame, Ohio State, Illinois and Syracuse came around, hard to get. Virginia chose him from a nationwide search to become, in his words, "its athletic James Meredith" and integrate its athletic program. Thanks, but no thanks, said Starke, and he signed at Columbia. "I honestly thought I'd be tired of football after two years," he says, "and the Ivy League's the only place I could've gone where they wouldn't have taken my scholarship away if I quit playing."

At Columbia Starke lobbied success-

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HEAD HOG continued

being producer if you can't hire yourself to act," he says.

A business he set up more recently is George Starke Communications, which he formed specifically for the purpose of applying to the FCC to own low-powered television stations, a new type of medium that may or may not become a reality. Getting the company off the ground has cost him \$50,000 of his own money, and, as yet, he has received nothing in return but frustration.

KSR Group is a company that creates programming for television. He is the S, former roomie Reid is the R and Eric Kulberg, a veteran of the D.C. area television and radio scene, is the K.

KSR's major achievement has been the filming and distribution of segments of *Reggae Sunsplash '82*, a live music festival from Jamaica. It earned Starke a mention in the "Random Notes" section of a recent issue of *Rolling Stone*. The picture that accompanied the item wasn't the one that *Rolling Stone's* editors initially envisioned. "They wanted me to wear a football helmet with a dreadlock wig sticking out of the bottom while I was smoking a three-foot-long joint," says Starke. "Could you imagine how Pete Rozelle would've

reacted to that?" Starke says neither the Redskins nor the NFL has questioned him about reggae's frequent association with marijuana. "They're too worried about cocaine to think about a little ganja," says Starke.

Starke is serious about advancing reggae music. KSR has raised about \$1.2 million from investors and has sunk that sum into the project. The company has sold segments of the festival in a number of countries but still needs to crash the U.S. market to avoid a financial disaster.



Snowdon and Starke sandwich a friend in *The Child Harold*.

Eek-a-Mouse is one of the reggae singers Starke hopes will make a splash in the U.S.

"My cash is in *Splash*" is Starke's most familiar lament these days. He showed the Mondales some of the tapes, and while Fritz was noncommittal, Joon was enthusiastic about Yellowman, an albino reggae star. Starke is close to many of the Jamaican performers; last month Eek-a-Mouse, a 6'6" singer, visited Starke's house in Washington.

Despite his elevated position in the reggae world, Starke has failed to alter the standard R & B-for-blacks, C & W-for-whites musical orientation of the Redskins. He listens mainly to jazz at home and can be comfortable riding around in Grimm's jeep and listening to cowboy music. But he's encouraging a local group called Black Sheep to record the Redskin fight song to a reggae tempo. The working title is *Hail to the Redskins*.

Even with all those projects, Starke's life would've been incomplete without Washington's Super Bowl XVII victory. "He's got inner peace now that he's won it," says Taft Snowden, a D.C. attorney and one of Starke's closest friends. "No matter how he pretends it didn't mean that much, it did. It was a kind of vindication for all the years he never made the Pro Bowl or any All-Star teams."

Starke knows it was his association with the Hogs that provided him with the fullest measure of his fame. He thought of that as he approached the podium at the Four Seasons Hotel in Washington on April 19 to receive Columbia's John Jay award for distinguished professional achievement. The only athlete to earn the award, he had worked four days in the Georgetown University library researching the life of Jay, the first chief justice of the United States, the better to make a meaningful speech and a suitable impression, but now he suddenly decided to change gears. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I'm Head Hog." A standing ovation followed. 100

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U.S. OPEN GOLF



The U.S. Open is golf's paramount tournament. From June 16 to June 19, 1983, this major of the majors will be played for the sixth time at the Oakmont Country Club, in the gently rolling hills northeast of Pittsburgh.

"The quintessential Open course" was a golf writer's description of Oakmont. It has no water holes but an awesome number of bunkers along its 6,972 yards. When the course was laid out in 1903, there were 350 or so bunkers, which gave Oakmont a distinctly Saharan air. In stages since then, the number has shrunk to a more merciful 187, though one of them is a whopping quarter-acre in size. Oakmont's greens are special, too. They are grainless and true because they are planted to a special strain of bent grass, but the putting surfaces are undulating and fringing fast. Sam Snead claimed that he once watched his ball marker slide downhill on one of them.

Opens are where memorable things happen. Can anyone forget Tom Watson's holing out his chip for a birdie from just off the 17th green at Pebble

Beach in California last year? Opens at Oakmont have had their moments, too. Almost as unbelievable as Watson's shot was the final round Johnny Miller had in the last U.S. Open held at Oakmont, in 1973. He started the day six strokes back with 12 players between him and the lead. All he did was light up the Pennsylvania countryside with an eight-under-par 63, the lowest round ever shot in a U.S. Open, to win by one. (It was equaled in 1980 at Baltusrol in Springfield, N.J., by both Jack Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf.) Golf historians will remember that at the Oakmont Open before that, in '62, a chunky, blond 22-year-old with a harsh cut beat Arnold Palmer to win his very first tournament as a professional. It was Jack Nicklaus, of course. Ben Hogan collected his fourth and last Open title at Oakmont in '53. Sam Parks Jr. was victorious there in '35 and Tommy Arnold triumphed in Oakmont's first Open in 1927.

Here now are six U.S. Opens well worth recalling.

1913

Francis Ouimet wasn't the first native-born

American to win the U.S. Open; Johnny McDermott, a tough little pro from Atlantic City, N.J., ended British dominance of our championship in 1911 and won again the following year. But McDermott had beaten no one of any great note and created no great stir. In winning the 1913 championship, however, Ouimet became the public's instant darling, the first American golf hero, emerging from nowhere to conquer the best in the world.

Ouimet's win was the stuff of pure fantasy: an almost unknown amateur, the son of a French-Canadian immigrant, a former caddy, a bright but modest 20-year-old who survived to meet and defeat two mighty British professionals—Harry Vardon, the most celebrated player of his time, and Ted Ray, the 1912 British Open champion, a big, burly fellow who could belt the ball a mile.

Vardon and Ray were in the U.S. on an exhibition tour sponsored by Lord Northcliffe, owner of *The Times* of London. They had been laying waste the local hopefuls in a series of one-day matches and planned to top off their trip by winning the U.S. Open, which Vardon had won 13 years earlier. So great was their stature in the golf world that they were able to leave the U.S. Open moved from its customary date earlier in the summer to September to accommodate their traveling schedule.

Ouimet, on the other hand, was a regional amateur who had got as far as the semifinals in the U.S. Amateur earlier in the year, but the main reason he entered the Open was that The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., where the tournament was to be held, was just across the road from his home. He had caddied there as a youngster and had played the course whenever caddies were allowed to play.

After two rounds, the redoubtable Vardon shared the lead with Wilfred Reid, another Briton. Ray was two strokes back and Ouimet was four off the pace. But in the morning round of the final day, the drama took shape. Reid blew up and Ouimet's 74 caught both Vardon, who had a 78, and Ray, who had 76. In the afternoon an unreasonable storm produced an icy drizzle. Ray, the first leader to finish on the

Francis Ouimet and his young caddy walk between holes at 1913 U.S. Open.



windy, water-logged course, had a 79 for 304 and Vardon matched that a little later. Meanwhile, Oumet, near the end of the field, was struggling. He went out in 43 and had bogeys on both the 10th and 12th holes. This meant that he needed birdies on two of the last six holes to tie, a difficult enough feat at any time and almost impossible in the foul weather. But Oumet holed a chip shot on the 13th for one and sank a 20-foot downhill putt at the 17th for the other. He had matched Vardon and Ray and all that now remained was the three-way playoff.

The next morning Oumet walked to the club in an odder scene frame of mind. Urged on by Eddie Lowery, his 10-year-old caddie, who told him, "Be sure to keep your head down and your eye on the ball and his in." Oumet calmly destroyed the two Britons. Nothing bothered him, not even the large, friendly crowd that eagerly followed him from hole to hole. Toward the end, the U.S. Open became no contest: Oumet 72, Vardon 77, Ray 78. Little David had slain two Goliaths.

1930 If Oumet was the first American golf hero, Bobby Jones was the second. By 1930, he was a national figure. An amateur, he had already won the U.S. Open three times beginning in 1923 and been runner-up in four other years; he had won the U.S. Amateur four times; the British Amateur once and the British Open three times. Before the 1930 U.S. Open he had swept the two British titles and received yet another ticker-tape parade when he got back to New York. Jones was 28 years old, his game had never been better, and his adoring public wanted only one thing: for Jones to achieve the Grand Slam, to win both British and both U.S. titles in the same year. He had two of them already in his pocket when he arrived at Minneapolis' Interlachen Country Club.

Jones got off to a businesslike start in steamy, 100° weather, trailed by a gallery that numbered in the thousands. The sweat-soaked idol finished with a 71, a stroke behind Macdonald Smith and Tommy Armour. What the gallery missed was the scene in the locker room: Jones's tie was so wet with perspiration that he could not loosen it and a friend had to cut it off with a pocketknife.

The second round featured what came to be known as Jones's "lilypad shot." Distracted by a sudden movement in the gallery, he half-topped his second shot over a pond on the par-5 9th hole. The ball hit the water like a scaled stone, skipped a couple of times and came to rest on dry ground. From there, having flurried with disaster, Jones got down in two for a birdie. He ended the day with a 73 and at the start of the 36-hole final day was two behind the new leader, Horton Smith.

Saturday morning, Jones played one of his epic rounds, a 68 that scattered the field and gave him a lead of five strokes. But in the afternoon he was erratic. By the time he reached the par-4 18th, three double-bogey 5s on par-3 holes had eaten away all but one stroke of his lead over the charging Macdonald Smith behind him. On the last hole, two shots brought Jones to the edge of the green but 40 feet from the cup. He later described the finish this way: "As I stepped up to the putt, I was quivering in every muscle. I confess that my most optimistic expectation was to get the thing dead. It is impossible to describe the sensation I felt when I saw my ball take a small break five or six feet from the cup, so that I knew it was in."

Birdie.

That was Jones's last stroke in an Open. He won the U.S. Amateur at Merion Golf Club in Ardmore, Pa. on

Sept. 22 and had the Grand Slam. On Nov. 17 he announced his retirement from competitive golf.

1950 To understand what happened in 1950, you have to start in 1948, the year Ben Hogan finally won his first U.S. Open, after having finished 5th, 3rd, 4th and 6th in the preceding four. At the end of '48, Hogan was the tour's leading money winner for the fifth time since 1940. And he had opened 1949 by winning two of the first four events on the winter tour. The little man was rolling.

Then, driving across Texas with his wife, Valerie, a bus, trying to pass a truck, smashed head-on into the Hogans. Ben had thrown himself across Valerie to spare her injury. The first question was whether Hogan would live, and after that whether he would ever walk again. Such was Hogan's determination that, with the deadline approaching, he actually filed an entry for the 1949 Open. Of course he couldn't play. He was not able to grip a golf club until August and his first competitive round was not until January, 1950.

By June he was playing and scoring well but it was obvious to all that his legs were still hurting badly, particularly in the third and fourth rounds of a tournament. The final two rounds of the U.S. Open at Merion would be a cruel test for him.

Bobby Jones tees off at Interlachen Country Club in the 1930 U.S. Open.



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And, as things worked out, the 36-hole marathon was more than Hogan's swollen, bandaged legs could endure. On Saturday afternoon he missed short putts to bogey three of the final seven holes and fall back into a three-way tie at 287 with Lloyd Mangrum and George Fazio. That night Hogan soaked his aching legs and on Sunday clumped around Merion in championship style. His winning 69, highlighted by a 50-foot birdie putt at the par-3 17th, brought him home four strokes ahead of Mangrum (who committed the odd but then unforgivable error of lifting his ball to blow a bug off it) on the 16th green for a two-shot penalty and six in front of Fazio.

Hogan won the U.S. Open again in 1951 and 1953. But his 1948-50-51 string constitutes one of golf's great achievements: three Open starts, three wins. No one has approached it since.

1960

Looking back, it's certainly easy to spot the 1960 Open as a landmark tournament in which three decades intersected

spectacularly in the final round. It wasn't so apparent then.

A dozen players had parts in the Saturday afternoon heroics at the Cherry Hills Country Club, outside Denver, but three were most prominent—Ben Hogan, Arnold Palmer and an amateur, Jack Nicklaus. After the morning round, the leader was Mike Souchak. Among the players nearest him were Hogan and Nicklaus, paired together and each three strokes behind, and Palmer, all but out of it, seven back.

Palmer began changing that situation right away with the kind of charge that became his trademark. He birdied six of the first seven holes and finished the front nine in 30. He was then four under and tied with a gaggle of players. Trouble was, they weren't leading. The amateur, Nicklaus, was, all by himself, having gone out in 32. Then, having tasted the lead, Nicklaus proceeded to blow himself out of it with bogey putts on the 13th and 14th. By the 17th, just two men shared the lead: Palmer and Hogan, who that day had hit an incredible 34 straight greens in regulation. But on the next to last hole Hogan

gambled for a birdie he thought he would need with Palmer playing behind him and hit his patch shot into the water. Bogey. At the 18th, trying for the monster drive that might produce the birdie he now needed, he hooked his tee shot and ended his Open with a triple bogey seven and a tie for ninth place. Palmer, in the meantime, was cruising home to win with a back side of one birdie and eight pars.

Hogan, the man of the '50s, had just made his last real run at the Open. Afterward, he said, "I guess they'll say I lost it. Well, one more foot and the wedge on 17 would have been perfect. But I'll tell you something: I played 36 holes today with a kid who should have won the Open by 10 shots."

Nicklaus, the "kid" who would dominate the '70s, finished second, two shots behind Palmer; his 282 was (and is) the lowest score ever posted by an amateur in the Open. But Palmer's decade of greatness—the heyday of his army—had just begun.

1980

Jack Nicklaus had long since been forgiven

for his brash intrusion on the reign of Arnold Palmer, but he was a far smoother performer now, smiling, slimmer, golden-haired—no longer awkward, chubby and crop-haired. At every tournament he had his faithful who followed him even when he was in a dry spell, as he was before the 1980 Open at Baltusrol in Springfield, N.J. Nicklaus had not won a tournament in the entire previous season, the first time that had happened to him since he turned pro in 1961. And he had won nothing in the first half of 1980 either. Beyond that, he had been irked at the Masters by what he considered the contrived pairing of himself and Palmer in the fourth round, when both were far out of contention. Nicklaus didn't care to be regarded as a nostalgia figure.

At Baltusrol, Nicklaus opened with a 63 and shared the lead with Tom Weiskopf. His second round of 71 left him at 134, two strokes ahead of the agile Japanese champion, Isao Aoki, who had shot his second 68, and three other players.

Nicklaus and Aoki had been paired for the first two rounds by whim of the



Trophy in one arm, wife Valene in the other, Ben Hogan celebrates his victory in the 1950 Open at Merion after a three-way playoff with George Fazio (left) and Lloyd Mangrum (right). The shot that secured the tie (below) was his celebrated one iron to the 18th green the day before. At right, Arnold Palmer lets you know who won the 1960 Open at Cherry Hills.





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USGA's matchmaker. On Saturday, they again toured Baltusrol together, but this time in conformance with the USGA's rules for third- and fourth-round pairings. Nicklaus produced a 70 and Aoki his third 68, meaning they were now tied for the lead at 204—a new 54-hole U.S. Open record—and would play together again on Sunday.

The pairing had by now taken on the character of match play that made the round a classic. There was Nicklaus, all concentration and determination but, as ever, the essence of courtesy. And with him the cheerful Aoki, obviously thrilled to be where he was and full of wonder at Nicklaus, but never flinching, though through the 16th Nicklaus had worked out a two-stroke lead.

The climax came at the 17th where Aoki holed one more improbable putt for a birdie, using his odd toe-of-the-club-sticking-up style. Nicklaus then faced a 15-footer. If he missed, he would have to play the par-5 18th with only a one-stroke lead. Nicklaus rolled the putt in and allowed himself to explode in an expression of joy he'd never before shown on an Open course. That both players then birdied the 18th, too, was icing on an already splendid cake.

It was a transcendent day for Nicklaus. He had not only won his fourth U.S. Open—to match Anderson, Jones and Hogan—but his 272 shattered by three strokes the 13-year-old Open scoring record held jointly by him and Lee Trevino.

1982

Tom Watson's romance with the Open began in 1974 when as a 24-year-old he shot a 69 in the third round at Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y. and found himself leading the tournament. Unable to meet the demands of such pressure, he ballooned to 79 on Sunday to tie for fifth. The next year at Medinah Country Club in Medinah, Ill. his rise was more spectacular, his fall more heartbreaking. After opening with rounds of 67 and 68 to tie the Open record for 36 holes, he disintegrated, shooting 78 and 77 to finish ninth.

Two months later Watson fulfilled the promise he had shown, winning the British Open at Carnoustie. With that victory he became a major force in the world of golf, winning two Masters, two more British Opens and a bagful of lesser titles. Yet he could not win the U.S. Open. He was the leading money winner four years in a row, but the best he could do in the Open was finish tied third at Baltusrol in 1980. Then came 1982 and Pebble Beach.

For 36 holes he kept himself close with a pair of 72s, then added a 68 to tie for the lead with Bill Rogers. The two were engaged in a seesaw battle early in Sunday's round when, up ahead, a familiar name moved past them both. Jack Nicklaus, lurking three strokes back after three rounds, made five birdies in a row. For the next two hours it was back and forth, give and take. Watson made a miracle par at 10, birdied 11, but bogeyed 12. Nicklaus bogeyed the eighth and 11th, but bird-

ied 15. Rogers faded from view, leaving the two giants to fight it out.

Watson had a one-stroke lead when he came to 16, but when he drove into a pot-hole bunker, he could only patch out sideways. Bogey. Tie game. Up ahead Nicklaus was paring the 18th hole to finish at 284. When he saw on a television monitor that Watson had hit his tee shot on the par-3 17th into the rough to the left of the green, Nicklaus "knew" that the Open was his if Watson did not birdie the last hole.

Fortunately for Watson, his ball was visible, as good a lie as he could have hoped for in that area. "Get it close," said his caddie. "Close?" said Watson. "I'm going to make it!" Using a wedge, he popped the ball onto the green, where it rolled directly into the center of the cup. Club raised high, Watson raced wildly around the green, then hugged his caddie. Another birdie at 18 was mere frosting. Watson had finally won the Open, edging out Jack Nicklaus in a heroic duel.

by FRANK HANNIGAN



After sinking his putt on Baltusrol's 17th, Jack Nicklaus (left) went on to win his fourth U.S. Open championship in 1980. In 1982, Tom Watson (below and right) played a difficult pitch from the rough at Pebble Beach's 17th hole. When the ball fell in for a birdie, Watson did a victory lap around the green and, a hole later, nailed down his first U.S. Open championship.



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by William Taaffe

Before anybody turns up his turbo-charger and gives a boost to ABC-TV for its smooth coverage of the Indianapolis 500 on Sunday, two points should be made. First, a good 85% of the network's announcing, heard via tape more than five hours after the race had finished, was pure theater. Get this: Race caller Jim McKay and analyst Sam Posey knew almost the whole time that Tom Sneva would win. They were acting. Their voices were laid over the tape after the fact. Second, radio, not television, afforded the only timely comprehensive coverage of the race. Paul Page, the voice of the Indy 500, created word pictures that were vivid and authentic.

ABC has become so adept at faking in Indianapolis—this was the network's 13th straight 500—that the phoniness probably slips by most viewers. Only the first five laps and last five are covered "live," meaning that the voices of McKay and Posey are recorded at the moment those laps are run. The rest of the broadcast is ersatz: McKay and Posey camp themselves in a recording track with cue sheets in hand. As the taped segments come up, and at the very moment they are aired to an estimated 40 million viewers, the announcers start talking. *Light's, camera, voice-over!*

The illusion can make for high drama. McKay to Posey, hours after a crash in which Mario Andretti wasn't injured: "Mario appears to be unconscious. His head is not moving. Let's hope his legs aren't pinned." Sometimes the announcers telegraph the outcome. Before Danny Ongais' crumpled body was extracted from the wreckage of his car after a gruesome accident in 1981, not a few witnesses thought he was dead. In his voice-over, Jackie Stewart, Posey's predecessor as the analyst, said Ongais appeared to have a badly broken leg. Hospital bulletin that evening: badly broken leg. And there was the 1981 furor when winner Bobby Unser illegally passed cars during a caution lap. With the benefit of hindsight, McKay and Stewart noticed it right off.

All the networks fake their coverage of things like cliff diving from Acapulco or mixed-pairs bodybuilding from Passaic.



Page's voice traveled from the Brickyard to the listeners of 700 affiliated radio stations.

92 are among those that wind up on the cutting-room floor. If McKay had been announcing live, important observations might have been lost. With the voice-over he can weave all the story lines into a nice, understandable tapestry.

The feeling here is that theater in the guise of journalism still amounts to theater. One alternative is for ABC to televise the 500 tape in its entirety, with the commentators working straight. Another is to fess up and superimpose something like "Simulated Live Announcing" on the picture every so often. ABC says that the former might bore some viewers and that the latter might embarrass the network. So?

On the surface, you wouldn't have bet on the radio guys to win the checkered flag. Last year ABC got four Emmys for its Indy coverage. As far as is known, Page didn't even get a free meal at St. Elmo's Steakhouse in downtown Indianapolis. The I.M.S. Radio Network can only guess how many people its 700 affiliates reach. Suffice it to say that the network, now 32 years old, reaches the likes of Chicago, Lewistown, Mont. and 10,000

Idol of the Indy airwaves

While Paul Page's radio coverage is the real stuff, ABC-TV's is theater

Further, ABC doesn't air a canned 500 by choice. For years it has badgered the Indianapolis Motor Speedway to allow a live broadcast, but the track is fearful of jeopardizing its massive live gate. And the race is going to remain on tape for at least a while, which raises the question of what to do about Suspense Theater.

Chuck Howard, ABC Sports' vice-president for program production, defends the theatrics on unusual grounds—journalism. Here's his brief. Because ABC carries the race for only three hours and because the network has to make time for commercials and special interviews, only about 40% of the action ever sees the light of day. Say laps 65 through

service-station lube bays coast to coast.

For all of ABC's artistry—Posey has become a superb analyst, and director Larry Kamin's cameras caught all of the action—Page and his 13 cohorts stationed around the track accomplished what their TV rivals didn't. The radio voices were genuine, not staged. There's no substitute for authenticity. As they relayed the call around the track among themselves, a listener could see in his mind's eye the sun glinting off Al Unser's brilliant yellow No. 7 and hear the engines 20 yards away. It was vintage live radio. As Page said before the race, "If you want to feel the emotion of the event, then you come live it with us." **END**

It's the Apple of his eye

A's Manager Steve Boros is helping lead baseball into the computer age

by Ray Kennedy

Last fall, when Steve Boros interviewed for the Oakland managerial job, he had one burning question. It had nothing to do with such mundane matters as salary or long-term contracts. No, right off Boros wanted to know, "Will I have access to a computer?"

Boros got the job and the computer and has since been busily poring over all manner of printouts. The results? Well, it's probably no coincidence that the A's have been unexpected contenders in the American League West this year. For one thing, Boros says, the machine has proved an invaluable scouting tool for a rookie manager. "Otherwise," he says, "I'd have had to go around the league at least once to get a line on players. Now I have all the information at my fingertips based on pitch-by-pitch data from the '81 and '82 seasons."

Though traditionalists may shudder at the thought, it was inevitable that such a stat-happy pursuit as baseball would plug into a data bank. And Boros, 46, a Michigan grad who plans to take classes in computer science during the off-season, is in the forefront of a new wave of enlightened technocrats who are rewriting

the game. "I guess we're what you would call the computer generation," he says.

Managers Tony LaRussa of the White Sox, Dick Howser of the Royals and Frank Robinson of the Giants are other converts to the religion of mathematical probabilities as dictated by the magic machine. When Boros and LaRussa match Apple II computers at the Oakland Coliseum on June 10, both teams will have access to such sophisticated new wrinkles as pitch type/location readouts and "hidemo" graphics. In the system the A's and Sox use, the data are compiled play by play, pitch by pitch, by a computer operator in the press box and another tabulator, usually the pitcher scheduled to start the next day, who sits at field level where he can better chart the types of balls thrown. Then after every game this information is combined with scouting reports and fed via telephone lines into a mainframe Digital Equipment Corp. computer in Philadelphia. Before the next game, the data are retrieved and broken down, usually in matchups detailing how each pitcher and hitter has fared against the opposition this season, last season and overall.

Thus, if Oakland's Rickey Henderson is facing LaMarr Hoyt in the eighth inning with two outs and runners in scoring position, Henderson could know from Hoyt's pitching printouts not only where he prefers to throw the ball in that situation but also what kind of pitch it is likely to be. Meanwhile, by consulting Henderson's hidemo, a color-coded diagram of the field with his previous "shot pattern" against Hoyt, LaRussa can determine both the probable direction and nature (line drive, grounder, pop-up, long fly) of any ball Henderson might hit and position his defense accordingly.

While some of the data have been available to managers in the past, Boros explains that never before have they been so detailed and accessible. "I've only got so much time to digest and utilize the material," he says, "and the computer can do it all for me in an instant."

Not every manager is a computer wizard. "I don't need that stuff," says the Yankees' Billy Martin, pointing to his head. "I've got it all up here."

Martin suffers from a familiar affliction, computerphobia, says Matt Levine, president of Pacific Select Corp., the sports management firm that developed the computer system, called Edge 1.000, used by the A's, White Sox and, soon, the Yankees. Though Martin may choose to ignore electronic data, Levine says, "Billy and other managers don't understand that the computer isn't going to replace them, that it isn't a threat but a tool to give them more reliable information on which to base their decisions."

Regardless of how encyclopedic his knowledge of the game, says Levine, neither Martin nor any other manager "can possibly match the computer for the storing and easy retrieval of all the pertinent data." Jay Alves, the A's computer statistician, has provided Boros with such insights as these: In '82 Jeff Burroughs hit .220 by day and .304 at night, and Wayne Gross was a .321 terror on artificial turf and a .239 wimp on grass.

Good hitting doesn't go unnoticed by machine—or man—especially when tracked by such masters of manual computation as Dick Williams of the Padres

continued



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and Whitey Herzog of the Cardinals, both of whom spend up to three hours a day making elaborate color-coded charts of each game. Indeed, that both of these venerable stat freaks wear a World Series ring prompted LaRussa and Boros, friends since they played Triple A ball together in Vancouver in 1968, to explore the potential of computer baseball. "In time the use of the computer will be standard with all clubs," LaRussa says. "You're never going to have a computer making decisions for the manager, but the longer you use it, the more uses you have for it."

Boros agrees, noting that so far this season he hasn't always altered the A's starting lineup according to the dictates of the computer because his younger starters need the playing time to get acclimated and build their confidence. "Sometimes," he says, "good strategy is bad psychology."

And sometimes more is far too much. Having analyzed the players more thoroughly than laboratory rats, the computers are capable of cranking out endless variations on how well they perform when moved up or down in the batting order, when ahead or behind in the count, in hot weather and cold on a Sunday afternoon in Fenway Park before 33,465.

But Boros cautions, "We're not down in the dugout frantically leafing through pages of computer printouts. I'm too busy watching my pitchers for signs of fatigue or checking my base runners—all the little nuances and gut feelings that you get and no computer can pick up. However, I do study the printouts before each game."

Boros contends that the computer gives his players confidence in his decision-making talents. "They can't tell me, 'That's just your opinion,'" he says, brandishing a printout, "when I have all the numbers right here."

In answer to the inevitable question "What next?" Boros allows that it's conceivable that managers and coaches in the dugout might be linked to their computer man through "the kinds of headsets and telephone hookups they use in pro football on the sidelines."

LaRussa offers a more futuristic projection. "Yes, I can foresee the day when computers will be in the dugout—the day robots are playing the game," he says. "But as long as men are involved, a man will be making decisions."

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Here's a rundown on 10 of the finest prospects in the June 6-8 draft of high school and college players. Three are catchers: Rohne Wine of Oklahoma State, son of Bobby, the Phillies' former shortstop and current coach; Terry Bell of Old Dominion; and Matt Stark, a Los Altos, Calif. high-schooler. The best shortstop is American League umpire Bill Kunkel's son, Jeff, who hit .399 at Rider College this season. Of the four

"I enjoy being a reliever because I like getting six outs for the same money as getting 27."

—STEVE MCCARTHY
Oakland A's

top-rated pitchers, one is a left-hander—North Carolina State's Dan Plesac. Tim Belcher of Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Nazarene College has had his fastball clocked at slightly more than 90 mph. The other two, both of whom have lots of stuff on the ball, are BYU's Scott Nielsen, who's 25 years old, and the University of Michigan's Rach Stoll. Also likely to be drafted in the Top 10 are Third Basemen Eddie Williams, a San Diego high-schooler, and Chris Sabo, another Wolverine.

From the start of the 1970 season through last Sunday, 49.9% of all major league games were settled by no more than two runs. Of the 25,963 games played, 8,255 (31.8%) were decided by one run and 4,698 (18.1%) by two.

There are four reasons why Oakland's Rickey Henderson, who swiped a record 130 bases last season, was only fourth in the American League at week's end with 14 steals: 1) the A's are winning without his being constantly on the run; 2) in an effort to improve his batting average, which was .267 last year and .271 through last Sunday, Henderson is learning to hit the marginal pitches he would have taken in the hope of walking in '82; 3) his right shoulder, bruised last season, still bothers Henderson, who on several of his steal attempts this year has forsaken his favorite headfirst slide and gone in feet first; and 4) the man batting behind leadoff man Henderson is Mike Davis,

who is more of a contact hitter than Dwayne Murphy, who batted second a year ago. "Murph would swing at and miss a lot of balls when I'd be stealing," says Henderson, who several times this year has been running but hasn't gotten a steal because Davis hit the ball.

It turns out that Cesar Cedeño of the Reds was up in the air about more than the coach-class ticket the club gave him and other reserves for a team flight from Chicago to Cincinnati. (The regulars flew first class.) After Cedeño, who had been a starting outfielder until nine days before the trip, tore up his boarding pass and refused to board the plane, he was initially suspended for three days but later fined instead.

"Obviously, [Manager Russ Nixon] doesn't believe I'm hurting," said Cedeño, who had removed himself from the lineup because of a sore shoulder. "He wants to punish me."

"I thought I'd have to show most of my patience with young players," Nixon said. "I'll be damned if I'll do it with one who's been around a few years and who should show some responsibility. It seems the more I gave him, the more he took advantage."

Toronto and Boston were tied for the lead in the American League East last week when they began the first significant series of this season. It was a major test for the Blue Jays, who, in their first six years, never finished higher than sixth and had never led later than May 10. Surprisingly, Toronto was able to hold on to its share of the lead without getting a win from its three best starters—Dave Stieb, who lost 7-2 on Thursday, Jim Clancy, who lost 2-0 on Friday, and Luis Leal, who gave up four runs in only 1½ innings on Saturday. The man who brought Toronto back was Centerfielder Lloyd Moseby, a major disappointment his first three seasons with a .233 average. On Saturday, Moseby got two hits, scored three runs and drove in the game winner.

PLAY IT AGAIN

"Once when I was playing minor league ball in Joplin [Mo.], I claimed I was hit by a pitch even though I wasn't," recalls Boston Manager Ralph Houk. "While everyone was arguing, I bit myself on the arm, and save enough, the umpire gave me the base."

in a 9-5 come-from-behind victory. On Sunday, he drove in three more runs with two homers in a 6-1 win that was shortened to six innings by rain. The second game of the doubleheader was postponed. Moseby finished the week with a .306 batting average, and the Blue Jays had proved they might be serious contenders.

Angel Shortstop Rick Burleson, who hasn't played since undergoing surgery for a torn rotator cuff 13 months ago, expects to return to action on June 10. That's when Burleson will begin his rehabilitation program with California's farm team in Edmondson. If things go well, Burleson will rejoin the Angels after the All-Star break.

If any Met rookie figured to do well, it was Outfielder Darryl Strawberry, not Shortstop José Oquendo. Strawberry, 21, hit 34 homers last year and was the MVP of the Double A Texas League. Oquendo, 19 and the youngest player in the majors, batted .214 in the Triple A International League in '82. At the end of last week, though, Strawberry had been in 18 games, had hit three homers, was batting .167 and had struck out 26 times. Oquendo, who recently abandoned switch-hitting to concentrate on swinging from the right side, was batting .280.

Furthermore, Oquendo has teamed with Second Baseman Brian Giles, 23, to give the Mets a superb double-play combination. Both have exceptional range

BALL PARK FIGURES

In response to an SI poll, big league pitchers ranked the following as the game's best ball-ball hitters:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Tony Peon, Pirates
2. Steve Garvey, Padres
3. Pedro Guerrero, Dodgers
4. Bill Madlock, Pirates
5. Andre Dawson, Expos

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Reggie Jackson, Angels
2. Dave Winfield, Yankees
3. George Brett, Royals
4. Amos Otis, Royals
5. Cecil Cooper, Brewers

and strong arms, especially Oquendo. Last week Oquendo received such a long roar of appreciation from Mets fans in the eighth inning of a game against San Francisco that he came out of the dugout to acknowledge the tribute. Oquendo drew those cheers when, after breaking to cover second on an impending steal, he deftly doubled back to the spot he'd vacated, gloved a hard-hit grounder and threw out the runner.

Andre Thornton's .342 batting average isn't the only thing that has the Cleveland slugger up there among the leaders. He's also challenging some heavy hitters of another sort, authors Robert Ludlum and Louis L'Amour. According to an SI survey of major-leaguers' book-reading tastes, Ludlum and L'Amour rank first and second in popularity. Third is Thornton, who with Al Janssen wrote *Triumph Born of Tragedy*. Among the players who have read Thornton's autobiography are San Diego's Dave Dravecky and Baltimore's Storm Davis. As for Cub Pitcher Dickie Noles, who is trying to kick a drinking problem, he says, "I've been reading Alcoholics Anonymous manuals."

Lefthand-hitting Darrell Evans of the Giants, who entered this season with a 14-year career average of .251, was second in the National League through Sunday with a .329 mark. What has happened? Well, Evans is standing closer to the plate, the way Manager Frank Robinson had wanted him to and the way Robby did when he played.

"They've been pitching outside to Evans, and he's been reaching," says Robinson. "He has first enough hands to handle

an inside pitch when he's standing closer, but now he can also handle that sweeping slider from lefthanders, or pitches that tail away."

On May 21, 1982 Kansas City Pitcher Dennis Leonard, 5-3 at the time, was struck on the right hand by a line drive and missed seven weeks. On May 28, 1983 Leonard, 6-3 at the time, tore a tendon below his left knee while pitching to Baltimore's Cal Ripken. Surgery was performed the next day, and he's expected to miss at least two months. In 1982, the absence of Leonard, the major's winningest righthanded pitcher since 1975, was a big reason why the Royals failed to win the American League West title. In 1983...

Former big league Pitcher Jim Bunning, a Republican senator in the Kentucky legislature, has won the party's gubernatorial primary. The general election figures to be tough going for Bunning, because Democrats outnumber Republicans 2 to 1 in Kentucky. In his campaign commercials, Bunning will use film clips from the perfect game he pitched in 1964 against the Mets. If elected, he intends to continue his work as an agent for 11 major-leaguers, including Outfielder Lonnie Smith of the Cardinals.

White Sox President Eddie Einhorn is right in thinking his team needs some help on the left side of the infield, but he's wrong if he really believes "it would put us over the top." A trade for Minnesota Infielder John Castillo would have helped the sipping Sox, but it fell through. Meanwhile, Manager Tony LaRussa is considering other options to perk up his offense. At the end of last

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

FERNANDO VALENZUELA: The Dodger lefthander threw two complete-game shutouts, beating the Phillies 2-0 on four hits and the Giants 5-0 on two. He struck out 12 and batted 3 for 7 with one RBI.

week, Chicago was 23rd in the majors with a .242 average. LaRussa is toying with using righthand-hitting Catcher Carlton Fisk at first base against lefthand pitchers. He'd then put Marc Hill behind the plate, move Tom Paciorek from first to right, shift Harold Baines from right to center and bench Rudy Law.

A THOUSAND PARDONS

EXCUSE ME: Milwaukee lost a game to Oakland last week after Pitcher Jamie Easler forgot the signs in the eighth inning and threw a slider when Catcher Ned Yost expected a fastball. The ballgot past Yost, allowing the decisive run to score in an 8-7 loss. ... **EXCUSE ME, PLEASE:** Following the Rangers' fourth loss in a row, Manager Doug Rader had a flying fit in his office. When it was over, one bystander had been hit in the head by a towel and clothes hanger, and another was wearing the manager's uniform pants on his head. "Sorry," said Rader in a feeble voice. ... **WELL, I SAID "EXCUSE ME!":** Utopian Dave Phillips gave Minnesota's John Castillo a walk on what was actually ball three in a 12-4 win over Baltimore. "I feel real bad about it," Phillips said afterward.

INDOOR SOCCER



by Jack Falla

Baltimore fan Jesse Becker, 4, makes a steamy entrance with Forward Pat Ercoli.

both as the only course that makes economic sense."

In essence, Bell and his coach, Ron Newman, view indoor soccer as a life-support system for the traditional game.

The Sockers are one of only three clubs—the Chicago Sting and Golden Bay Earthquakes are the others—that are currently members of both the MISL and NASL. In fact, last season the Sockers competed in and won the championship of an NASL indoor season. But when that league dropped its indoor program for 1982-83, Bell quickly put San Diego into the MISL. He claims that the revenue from 24 regular-season indoor home dates plus six playoff games, which, conservatively, comes to \$1.5 million based on total attendance of 263,582 at an average of \$6 per ticket, "means that now I only have to average a little more than 10,000 per game outdoors to break even instead of, say, the 20,000 or so I would have to average if we had revenue from outdoor soccer only." After claiming losses of \$8 million over six years, Bell says he expects his team to be in the black for the first time following this summer's outdoor play.

Of course, Bell isn't the only soccer executive with a pocket calculator. NASL President Howard Samuels has said that his league is seriously considering reentering indoor soccer in the 1983-84 season, and that if it does, Chicago and Golden Bay might leave the MISL and play indoors in the NASL.

Bell isn't so quick to commit San Diego. He sees indoor soccer as so important that the 30-game season being talked about by the NASL is, he says, "not enough. We may be better off staying in the MISL, which offers a 48-game schedule."

By winning the MISL title, Newman, who's a U.S. resident, became the only coach to win all four major U.S. pro soccer championships, the others being the NASL outdoors with Dallas in 1971, the American Soccer League outdoors with

continued

A euphoric Forward Ade Coker, standing in the middle of the Sockers' dressing room in the San Diego Sports Arena one night last week, had every reason to be pouring a bottle of Italian sparkling wine over his head while singing-cum-gurgling a few lines of Kool & the Gang's Celebration. "Cel-e-brate good times come on..."

About 45 minutes earlier, Coker had scored the winning goal as the Sockers defeated the Baltimore Blast 3-1 in the fifth game of their best-of-five playoff for the championship of the 5-year-old Major Indoor Soccer League.

The final series betokened good times indeed for indoor soccer. It filled the Sports Arena and the Baltimore Civic Center to 99% of capacity and wound up before a relentlessly vocal SRO crowd of 12,948, a San Diego record for indoor soccer. In all, 10 of the MISL's 24 playoff games sold out, compared to two of 21 last season. In addition, the MISL's combined regular-season and playoff atten-

dance had climbed to a record 2.9 million, up nearly 400,000 over a year ago and 8.5 times what the league had drawn in its first season.

By contrast, for traditional outdoor soccer as played in the 17-year-old NASL, attendance has eroded steadily from a per-game average high of 14,997 in 1980 to 13,436 last year. Numbers like those tend to send proponents of the indoor game leaping to conclusions, like Baltimore Coach Ken Cooper's assertion after Game 5 that "the future of soccer in America is indoors. I grew up with outdoor soccer [Cooper is a former English and NASL pro], but now even I find the game too slow and low-scoring."

But a few yards down the hall, standing in a rivulet of beer and a mist of ersatz champagne in the San Diego locker room, Sockers owner Bob Bell was offering the opinion that the MISL's success suggests that the future of soccer in America lies neither solely indoors nor strictly outdoors, "but in teams playing



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Los Angeles in 1976 and the NASL indoors in 1982. "Indoor soccer is a great game that's riding a wave of popularity," he says. "But we have to remember the rest of the world still plays outdoors. If we want our kids to compete with the rest of the world, our best course is to play both indoors and out."

Any vision of indoor soccer's rising U.S. popularity washing over the rest of the world—"This game may be the next step in the evolution of soccer," says Baltimore owner Bernie Rodin—may have been laid to rest during the MISL playoffs, which showcased the best and the worst of the new game.

Indoor soccer is indeed fast and high-scoring, with a shot on goal taken about every minute, an average of 11 goals scored per game (though that fell to seven because of closer checking in the Championship Series) and player changes made every two minutes to keep the troops fresh and the action swirling.

"It's hockey without the ice and with a puck big enough for people to see," says Socker Forward Jule Veece, whose 13 goals, 19 assists and generally elegant play earned him playoff MVP honors.

But it's also a game that's so geared to commercial interests that it seems about to replace its goals with golden arches

and change its name to McSoccer. Besides, the thought of a World Cup, Federation Cup, Olympic or any major soccer match being played six-a-side on a carpeted hockey rink is as incongruous as the Masters golf tournament being played at Uncle Elmer's Pitch 'n' Putt.

What the indoor game has gained in easy-to-understand nonstop action it has lost in grace and style. Some of that loss seems unnecessary. The MISL could certainly do without its player introduction ceremonies—glitzy, crowd-hyping monuments to high tack, featuring darkened arenas, whirling disco lights, screaming P.A. announcers and home-team players entering the arena through clouds of smoke (San Diego) or out of something that can only be described as an intergalactic soccer ball (Baltimore).

Asked about the Baltimore pregame ceremonies, generally regarded as the most elaborate in the league, Veece says, "I didn't know if they were holding a playoff or opening a disco."

There also appeared to be a trade-off in the game itself: pure soccer skill may be negated by physical force to a greater degree than is possible in the outdoor game. After the Sockers and Goalkeeper Alan Mayer, the league MVP in the regular season, achieved the first back-to-back shutouts in MISL history, blanking the Blast 6-0 and 7-0 in Games 1 and 2 in San Diego, Baltimore Coach Ken Cooper publicly said he would ask his players "to swallow a little pride and admit they are better, skill-wise, than we are . . . the only way we can win is by outworking them."

"Outwork" turned out to be something of a euphemism for "outhitting." What followed was effective, if unattractive, soccer. Aided by the Civic Center's skimpy field dimensions (175 feet by 85 feet, as opposed to the league standard of 200 feet by 85 feet), the Blast lived up to its name, outsocking and outhitting the Sockers en route to a 4-3 win in Game 3.

"It's a pit out there—all knees and elbows," said Newman after a game in which he temporarily lost the services of his second-leading playoff scorer, Kaz Denya, in a violent collision with the Blast's Petar Baralic, a smashup Newman later said was

deliberate and Baralic said was all part of the game.

Veece, who had antagonized Baltimore players and fans by calling the series "the men versus the boys" after his team had taken its two-games-to-none lead, explained after Game 3, in which he had been held scoreless by the tight marking of the Blast's Nick Nikolic, that "we may be more skillful, but skill needs time and space to work." There are clearly times and places in the hurly-burly of indoor soccer that offer neither.

The pace and style that so graces the outdoor game—the deliberate buildup of the attack, capped by the sudden untangling of the offensive plot—gives way indoors to helter-skelter activity, with the ball bouncing around like a BB in a blender and goals coming on individual acts of brilliance or as the result of frenk caroms. Game 4 was a case in point. Though the Blast continued to play like the Baltimore Bullies, piling up 49 of the game's series-high 89 fouls, San Diego led 6-5 with 43 seconds to play and the Blast a man down when a searing-eye 25-foot leftfooted rocket from the left wing by the Blast's Baralic caught the right post to send the game into overtime. The winning goal was as freakish as the tying goal was brilliant. "I was trying to hit the ball off the boards," said Baltimore's Joey Fink of his miskicked shot which, instead of caroming off the boards for an onrushing teammate to blast toward the goal, nipped the short-side goal-post and rolled across the goal line to tie the series at two games each.

It is perhaps to the good of the game that, in the end, skill prevailed, with San Diego winning the MISL title on goals by Nico Rohman, Coker and Jean Wilfrich. The first two were set up by Veece, who, given time and space to excel, showed what indoor soccer can be, a modified but still graceful version of the outdoor game.

In presenting the MISL trophy to Bell, Commissioner Earl Foreman, obviously aware of and somewhat embarrassed by the fact that his league's champion is also a member of the NASL, congratulated the San Diego owner on having "the courage and foresight to bring your team into the MISL."

But Foreman might better have credited Bell with having the vision to field two sorts of Sockers. Or, as Veece said moments later in the dressing room, "Both indoor and outdoor. That's the way of the future for American soccer." **END**



The top Socker: Veece (22), as in victory and MVP.

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When Johns Hopkins beat North Carolina in the semifinals of the NCAA lacrosse tournament two weeks ago, the Blue Jays figured they had the national title sewed up. They hung a sign outside their locker room that read: THE MONKEY IS DEAD. For two years the Tar Heels had been the monkey on the Jays' back, having defeated Hopkins for the

The Blue Jays' goalkeeper, Brian Holman, took his licks from the likes of Art Lutz.

come was the semis in 1980, when it lost out to Hopkins once again.

This season the 13-1 Orange came into the playoffs seeded second to the Jays. For a couple of weeks in midseason, Syracuse had been ranked No. 1, before losing 9-6 to the slowdown tactics of Army, which Hopkins earlier had defeated by the same score. The Jays play a patterned, methodical game that exploits opponents' errors. The Orangemen, on

by Franz Lidz

chip away at Hopkins goalie Brian Holman, Syracuse chipped, but nothing cracked. Midway through the third quarter, Hopkins' lead was 12-5. "When we got down by seven, Hopkins put in its second attack," said Jeff McCormick, an All-America Orange defenseman, afterward. "It was as if to say, 'Now, watch



national title in 1981 and '82. This year they handed the Jays, 12-1 in the regular season, their only loss, slipping past them in double overtime on April 9. Now, with North Carolina out of the way, all Hopkins had to do to clinch its 39th national crown was roll up Syracuse. Well, the Jays may have shaken the monkey, but they choked on the Orange.

In the small world of lacrosse, Syracuse seems as far away as Kuala Lumpur. The Orange hadn't won the title since 1925, and even then had to share it with Maryland. In 1957, Syracuse was undefeated, but in those pretournament days the national championship was awarded by a vote of the coaches. That year the honors went to the Blue Jays, presumably because they had a tougher schedule. Since then the closest Syracuse had

The Orange squeezed one out

Syracuse came from way back to beat Johns Hopkins for the NCAA title

the other hand, are a manic, fast-breaking band, deadly when a man up.

At the start of the tournament final at Rutgers Stadium in Piscataway, N.J. last Saturday, Hopkins took Syracuse's game away. The Jays outran the Orange and even scored when Syracuse had the extra man. Hopkins poked in the first three goals and at halftime led 8-4. Eight different Blue Jays had scored, which is pretty good lacrosse.

Orange Coach Roy Simmons Jr., an accomplished sculptor who sells his work for as much as \$700, had told his team to

that." Right then, Darren [Lawlor] gave me a wink." Moments later Lawlor, a defenseman who's not supposed to score, rumbled into the offensive zone, spun around two Hopkins defensemen in front of the crease and slammed in a goal. A minute later Midfielder Mike Powers of Syracuse scored. Powers had transferred to the Orange from Hopkins after he was told he'd never be more than a face-off man for the Jays.

Hopkins scored 42 seconds later to make it 13-7. Then Syracuse's fast break exploded. Over the next eight minutes

continued

the Orange scored eight unanswered goals, which is also pretty good lacrosse. "It's funny," said Syracuse Attackman Tim Nelson, a splendid feeder who had a goal and three assists in the eight-goal spurt and eight points for the game. "The look in the Hopkins players' eyes said it was no big deal. They just didn't seem like rational champions."

And Nelson turned out to be right. Hopkins never regained the lead and seemed weary at the end. "Our strategy was run 'em, run 'em, run 'em," said Brad Kotz, the game's high goal-scorer with five. The final score was 17-16, Syracuse

in the voting for the mythical national title in '57. Eisenhower was in the White House. "It was frustrating," says Simmons, a midfielder on that Syracuse squad. "We knew we were the best and weren't able to prove it."

The '57 team was led by the greatest lacrosse player of all time, Jim Brown, who enjoyed a modicum of success in football. The Orangemen were coached that year by Simmons' father, Roy Sr., a semilegend around Syracuse.

The elder Simmons, an irascible and unpretentious 83-year-old, was in the press box last Saturday to watch his son's first championship game. He turned the air blue with smoke from Blend Eleven Aromatic pipe tobacco and a pungent running commentary. "How the hell is it their ball? ... Sonuvabitch, that was another lucky goal. ... Anybody takin' a shot like that on me would wind up on his butt."

Fifty-nine years ago, he was an All-America defenseman on the Orange's last national-title-winning team. He hung around after graduating, coaching boxing and football, and in 1931 became coach of the lacrosse team. His son started in the sport as the Syracuse mascot and took over for his dad in 1971.

Roy Jr. thought about going to archival Cornell to become a veterinarian, but his father dissuaded him. At Syracuse he studied sculpture—his degree is in fine arts—and played lacrosse well enough to become an All-America himself.

When he took over as coach 12 years ago, lacrosse wasn't exactly a high priority; it was hardly even in the Orange athletic budget. Simmons had to string the rackets and lime the field himself and make cheese sandwiches for the team's road trips. "Things got so bad," he says, "that in one game against Cornell we didn't have enough sticks and had to borrow them. It was embarrassing."

Simmons is a big, mild, equable guy, with stray wisps of hair the color of old clothesline tucked under his cap. "I'm probably the only coach who thinks X's and O's are hugs and kisses," he says. He

runs his team freely and easily, watching his players practice like a painter contemplating a landscape.

His artwork these days mostly takes the form of shadowbox constructions—usually about 18" x 24"—stuffed with artifacts and ephemera. To him, putting together a team is like assembling one of his collages. "There's a physical jell not unlike the visual jell in my art," he says. "We pick up kids from all walks of life and phases of emotion."

This year's assemblage included refugees from Army, Navy and Hopkins. Nelson, the feeder—he had 50 assists this season—was plucked from the defunct North Carolina State team. Simmons' starting goalie, a blocky Onondaga Indian named Travis Solomon, was found in a junior college in upstate New York.

Simmons' decision to stay with Solomon in the title game after he had been shelved for 13 goals in the first three quarters seemed questionable. "I hope he gets hot in the last quarter," growled the coach's father.

He did. Solomon showed moves uncommon for someone with his bulk and allowed just three fourth-quarter goals, all on deflected shots. Even old man Simmons was satisfied.

For Hopkins Coach Henry (Chac) Ciccarone, it was the third year in a row his team had lost the championship game. Ciccarone is a believer in omens. He performs rituals such as eating cheesecake with his team in the Lacrosse Hall of Fame the week of the title game. This season he wore a white Hopkins lacrosse centennial polo shirt during games, for luck. "The shirt's been good to me," he said before Saturday's face-off.

Earlier this season Ciccarone's wife, Sue, had mistakenly washed a white button-down shirt instead of the lucky centennial model before an away game with Delaware. "Where's my shirt?" Ciccarone asked frantically as he was packing for the trip.

"It hasn't been washed yet," she said. "Oh, my god," he gasped. Then he studied himself. "It's O.K.," he told her. "Really, it's O.K. ... But if we lose, it's your fault."

With his coach looking uncomfortable in his substitute shirt, Hopkins won that game 15-10, perhaps saving the Ciccarones' marriage. Saturday the lucky shirt was back on his back. After the loss, Sue muttered, "He should have worn the button-down."



Simmons' decision to stick by Solomon was an artful one.

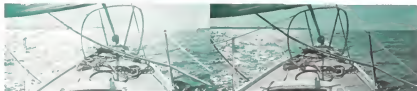
If anything, the Orange appeared stunned by the win. That Syracuse even got to the playoffs was something of a surprise. Last year it was 6-4, lost to two Division III teams and didn't make the tournament. The school tries to be a power in football and is hugely successful in basketball but only gives partial scholarships in lacrosse. Most of its lacrosse players are homegrown; fully a third of the present team comes from the same high school in West Genesee, a Syracuse suburb. By contrast, Hopkins draws its players mostly from Maryland and Long Island, veritable petri dishes of lacrosse culture.

Hopkins started playing lacrosse 100 years ago when Chester A. Arthur was in office. The Jays lost to Syracuse in 1923, during Warren Harding's administration, and when they edged the Orange

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Will Willie go for the gold or gold?

Willie Gault, a hot NFL prospect, has hot Olympic prospects as well

Willie ... or won't he? That is the question these days for Willie Gault, wide receiver out of Tennessee and a first-round draft pick of the Chicago Bears in April. That puts Gault in line for a contract package in the million-dollar range. But he's also a world-class sprinter—and is ranked third internationally as a high hurdler. He thus has the potential to win the gold in either event at the '84 Olympics. His dilemma is, should he take the money, or run?

Gault is one of a handful of athletes who have recently faced a choice between two sports. But his situation is not like John Elway's. All Elway had to decide was whether to take big money from baseball or bigger money from football. Nor is Gault like Herschel Walker, who mumbled something about the Olympics before signing with the USFL for \$3.9 million. The difference is that Walker's



best in the 100 meters was 10.23 seconds, which didn't make the Top 20 in 1982. Gault has run the event in 10.10, fourth fastest in the world last year.

A big (6' 1½"), solid (180 pounds), affable guy, Gault is garrulous and gung-ho off the football field—and explosive on it. At Tennessee he is known as Orange Lightnin'. As a sophomore he tied an NCAA record by returning three kick-offs for touchdowns; last season he caught 50 passes. Which is what got him into his sweet predicament.

Gault doesn't plan to announce his decision until sometime after this week's NCAA outdoor track championships in Houston. For now all he'll say is "I've al-

by Franz Lidz

ways dreamed of seeing my face on the front of a box of Wheaties."

His reticence doesn't extend to discussions about his athletic ability. "I'm not selfish," he says, "but I love myself." And there's a lot of self to love in Gault: self-assurance, self-promotion, self-esteem—everything but self-doubt. Asked for an estimate of his talents, he says, "I can do anything I want to. 'I can't' isn't in my vocabulary. I'm a great athlete. I've got the potential to be the best in any sport I play. When the pressure's on, there's no one better." That's his short estimate. Don't ask for the long one.

Gault's self-assessment isn't altogether unrealistic. He does have enormous natural talent, bolstered by his born-again Christianity. He will rhapsodize on goodness and the Lord as smoothly as those modern evangelists who wear Bill Blass coordinates while preaching the old-time religion. "I can do all things through Christ, which strengthens me," he declares. "That's Philippians 4:13."

That sort of comment is typical of Gault's style. "Willie could be the President of the United States if he wanted to," says Stan Huntsman, Tennessee's track coach. "He says the right things, thinks the right things, does the right things."

Gault has a handshake that could pull down a barn, and a wide smile that reveals braces. "It takes less muscles to smile than it does to frown," he says. Appearances are important to him. Hampered by a groin strain at the Penn Relays in April, he wore tighties for warmth and support. Not any old tighties but bright scarlet ones. "Willie's always loved attention," says Diannese Mathis, his bride-to-be.

Gault admits he got into track partly for the medals, and he's a little disappointed that he doesn't receive an award every time he wins in a college meet. "I miss getting trophies," he says. "They're something you can feel and touch. And they look so good in my room."

continued



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At the end of his ninth-grade year at Griffin (Ga.) High, Gault's track coach gave him a hurdle to take home over the summer. "When you come back in September," he told Gault, "know how to jump over it." By his senior year he knew how to jump so well that he caught the attention of Huntsman. This winter he became the first athlete ever to win both the 60-yard hurdles and the 60 dash at the NCAA indoor championships. He'll try to repeat the dash-high hurdles double at the outdoors.

Tennessee's tradition of using track stars as wide receivers dates back to the days of Richmond Flowers in the mid-'60s. Three members of last season's pass-catching corps—Gault, Darryl Wilson and Mike Miller, all of whom had been members of the track team—went in the first four rounds of the NFL draft. "From opening day of practice as a freshman," says Gault, "I knew I was the best player on the team." He buttressed that contention by going 69 yards for a touchdown with his first catch.

Miller and Wilson lost their 1983 track eligibility when they went to Tampa in February to be tested by one of the NFL's scouting combines. "I figure it'll cost us 30 points at the NCAAs," says Huntsman, whose Vols finished second at the collegiate outdoor championships in 1982. Gault didn't go to Tampa, which may or may not prove anything about his Tennessee team spirit. "I ran the 100 in 10.10 last year," he says. "I don't have to show anybody how fast I am."

"Gault's not just one of those guys who can run well in a straight line," says LSU Football Coach Jerry Stovall. "He has great hands and excellent body control. He scared us to death." Last fall the Tigers purposely kicked off away from Gault. That tactic worked for three quarters, until LSU's kicker accidentally sliced one Gault's way. He returned it 96 yards for a TD. "When he passed our bench," says Stovall, "all I heard was beep-beep."

"If you're going to get a look at Willie with a football, you'd better look fast," says Vols Football Coach Johnny Majors. "He's the fastest there is."

As a kid Gault longed to get out of Griffin. His parents work in textile mills. "I wanted to escape from the way they have to struggle," he says. "I thought that there was more to life than making towels."

He got his build from his father, James, a former amateur baseball player, and his first name from his mother, Willie Mae. "He's always been confident," she says. "When he was in the sixth grade he thought he was the best artist in school. He could look at a comic book and just draw it out: cars, people, a heap of little things. He'd sit in his tree house and draw for hours. I thought that he was going to be an artist, but he fooled me. Everything he tried to do, he just picked up and did."

Gault absorbs things quickly, and from almost everyone, even from the scores of agents who have been swarming around him of late. "They give me a different perspective on business," says Gault, a marketing major. "I'm learning how to control money and promote myself." He has certainly grown more sophisticated. No longer does he order Russian dressing on a salad vinaigrette, though he still trowels honey on his chateaubriand. "I'm very particular about what I eat," he says.

To improve his hurdling technique, he sought out Renaldo (Skeets) Nehemiah, the former No. 1 hurdler in the world, who abandoned his Olympic hopes last year to become a wide receiver with the San Francisco 49ers. Nehemiah told him to go over a hurdle with his head up but Gault still keeps his head down, like a fullback bulling into a defensive lineman. "I think of the hurdle as an obstacle in my way," says Gault, "the same as when I'm up against a defensive back. It's my enemy."

If so, to hear Gault, it's about the only enemy he has. "Some people have only one or two friends," he says. "I've got thousands." He expects about 1,200 of them to show up at his June wedding, which promises to be the biggest event of the track season. Nehemiah will be one of the three best men. The ushers include Carl Lewis, Stanley Floyd, Mel Lattany and Harvey Glance. "We plan on setting a couple of hurdles down the aisle that Skeets and I will go over," says Gault, containing a laugh.

The wedding will have an Oriental motif. Dainnese and her bridesmaids will wear brocade silk dresses. At the reception there will be fried rice, papayas, egg

rolls and a 15-tiered cake bordered in bamboo and topped with ceramic Chinese figurines.

In the meantime Gault plans to remain inscrutable about his future in athletics. The Bears are confident that he'll play for them. Of course, their recent track record makes that view suspect. Their fourth-round selection in this year's draft, Notre Dame Guard Tom Thayer, had signed with the USFL's Chicago Blitz three hours before they picked him. Gault could, of course, sign no pro football contract this year, go through the draft again next April, run in the Olympics and, when they're over in the middle of August, negotiate with whatever club then holds the rights to him.

Gault's dreams are just about evenly divided between the two sports. "I'll be running into the end zone with the winning touchdown," he says, "or crossing the finish line, but either way the crowd will be on its feet yelling 'Willie! Willie! Willie!'"

Well, what will he do? Go for gold, or the gold?

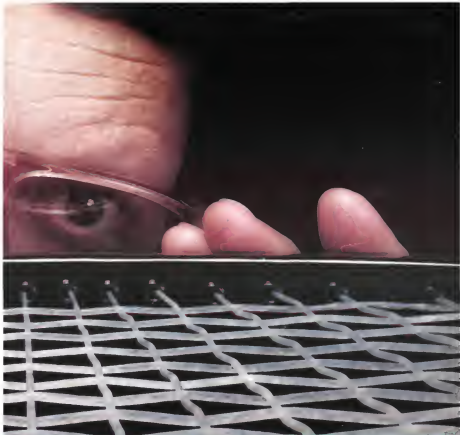
END



Willie and Dainnese expect 1,200 of their closest friends to see them tie the knot.



Then Zing Go The



Strings

That, say many top tennis players, is what happens after the Wizard of Boz, a.k.a. Warren Bosworth, performs his magic on their rackets and their games *by Ray Kennedy*

CONTINUED



Wizard of Boz

continued



Warren Bosworth, roused from his wee-hour slumber by the harsh jangling of the telephone in his Glastonbury, Conn. Dutch Colonial house, puddled groggily into his den and groped for the receiver. "Hello," he muttered.

"Hello, Warren?" said Ivan Lendl.

"Eeven," said Bosworth, instantly slipping into the thick Slavic accent he uses to make Lendl, the peripatetic Czech, feel more at home. "Vere are you?"

"Vienna," said Lendl. "And I haf a problem."

For Bosworth, racket stringer to the stars, a predawn call for help from one of the far-flung stops on the tennis tour is all in a long day's—and night's—work. He is the Stradivari of the tennis racket, a master craftsman who shapes and fine-tunes the instruments of more than 30 virtuosos of the center court. And wherever he goes, the emergency calls from Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, Jimmy Arias, Roscoe Tanner, Brian Gottfried, Sandy Mayer, Barbara Potter, Harold Solomon, Steve Denton, Bill Scanlon et al. are sure to follow.

Bosworth's background—he's been a licensed embalmer, investment banker and racer of sports cars—seems as incongruous as the fact that, at 48, he has the cherubic countenance and sunny demeanor of the kid in the Campbell's soup

ad who was always saying, "M'm! M'm! Good!" But then, by definition, an innovator who preaches that tennis is a game of micrometers fits no pattern. He breaks it often and imaginatively enough to be able to boast, "I'm the only person in the world who does what I do."

Though, as Bosworth says, "No one in the stands has ever heard of me," he is renowned on the pro circuit for the preci-

sion of his work and the high-tech voodoo he employs "to achieve harmonious union between the player and his racket." Like Stradivari, Bosworth is sensitive to the pitch and tone of the strings and often requires the noted soloists in his ensemble to play by ear, to perform a little impromptu sonata, as it were, on their mid-size composites.

The solution to Lendl's problem is a

Bosworth, carrying on with his work, trims the handle to Lendl's specifications using a sanding block; he measures the thickness and uniformity of the leather grip with a dial gauge; he wraps the grip around the handle; and, finally, he strings the racket on a machine that he has designed.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



The Wizard prepares a Lendl racket (from left): First, he weighs a frame; next, he checks the balance point; if weight is needed, he adds lead tape; then he measures the handle.

case in point. As a new client of Bosworth's, he had departed for Europe in the fall of 1981 with 12 customized rackets, six strung at 68 pounds of tension, six at 70. All went well until Vienna, when, in a rash moment, Lendl turned over some of his Bosworth specials to a tournament stringer. The results were disastrous. Now, left with but one playable racket for the late rounds and scheduled

to play another tournament in Cologne, West Germany: immediately thereafter, Lendl needed a shipment of new rackets—fast. Moreover, he informed Bosworth on the phone, the one surviving racket was playing “a little loose.”

“All right, Evvon,” said Bosworth reassuringly, “play me your racket.”

And so he did in a scene that deserved to be filmed for the archives in quadri-

phonic sound and on a split screen. On one side was Lendl in his Vienna hotel room, lustily thumping the speaking end of the phone against the racket strings like a bass drummer. On the other, an ocean and several time zones away, was Bosworth in his pajamas, drowsily pressing a tape recorder mike to the receiver.

Later that day, about the time Lendl was advancing to the semifinals in Vien-

continued





Rackets line the wall of Bosworth's studio, waiting for the day when one of the stars places an urgent call to the Wizard.

na on one string job and a prayer, Bosworth drove a short distance from his home in suburban Hartford to his studio, a spacious, windowless chamber in the rear of a modern brick warehouse he shares with a distributor of power-plant parts. There, surrounded by an array of

Wizard of Boz

continued

precision tools and exotic machinery that suggest the laboratory of a space-age Dr. Frankenstein, he set to work.

First, from a honeycomb of cubicles covering one wall and filled with stringless rackets, Bosworth selected a dozen Adidas GTX graphite frames from the compartment marked LENDL. Next, after consulting the detailed specifications he keeps on file for each of his clients and working with one racket at a time, he stripped off the leather grip and placed the frame on a set of ultrasensitive scales and balance bars. When extra weight was required to achieve the heft and balance he and Lendl had previously determined was best for Lendl's game, Bosworth added strips of lead tape to the racket at strategic points. When a reduction was needed, he drilled minuscule holes in the butt of the handle, carefully giving and taking until the racket weighed precisely 371.5 grams and its balance point was exactly 321.0 mm from the butt cap.

Then Bosworth measured the handle

with a dial caliper and used a sanding block to shape the handle to the octagonal dimensions Lendl prefers. With a dial gauge, he checked the width and uniformity of the leather grip and deftly wrapped it around the handle, securing the beveled calfskin with contact cement and black finishing tape.

That done, Bosworth clamped the frame into a stringing machine of his own design, a massive device not unlike a medieval torture rack in appearance. Next he scrutinized the string holes with an otoscope, the illuminated magnifying probe used by ear doctors, checking grommets and replacing any that had hairline cracks. Then he plugged a frequency analyzer into his tape recorder and played Lendl's Viennese waltz, a refrain Bosworth more accurately likened to the "clanging of a San Francisco trolley car." By converting the reading on the analyzer's meter into pounds of tension, he determined that the level Lendl felt was a "leette loose" could best be remedied by setting the stringing machine for 72 pounds.

No sweat so far, if only because the temperature in the studio is fixed at 62° to preserve the resiliency of the \$10,000 worth of gut stored in an airtight cabinet designed for surgical instruments. Bos-

continued



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Wizard of Boz

continued

worth withdrew a 34-foot strand of 16-gauge beef gut and measured it with a micrometer to make certain it was uniformly .50 thousandths of an inch in diameter. Then, waxing the gut and threading it through snippets of protective plastic tubing at the various pressure points on the rim, he strung the frame. Next, he meticulously straightened the strings. Finally, he stenciled the Adidas trifolium emblem on the strings with spray paint, cleaned and buffed the racket with a toothbrush and polishing cloth, chalked the number 72 on the butt cap, encased the grip in a sandwich wrapper, slipped the finished product into a cushioned plastic bag and placed it in an insulated shipping carton. Each racket required some 90 minutes to customize. Bosworth completed the job, and then, because he is a perfectionist who prides himself on being able to prepare and deliver a set of rackets to a player anywhere in the world in about 24 hours, he immediately drove his Cadillac DeVille sedan with the license plates no 1 to Hartford's Bradley Field, where he had the carton airfreighted to JFK Airport in New York and then put aboard a Lufthansa flight bound for Cologne. Finally, Bosworth phoned Cologne and arranged for a member of the tournament committee there to meet the flight, escort the carton through customs and deliver it to Lendl's hotel. Thus, when Lendl arrived in Cologne on Monday, fresh from a win in the finals in Vienna, Bosworth's gift-wrapped reinforcements were awaiting him in his hotel room.

"Warren is a wizard," says Lendl. "I don't know how he does it."

The Wizard of Boz the players call him, and no one values his legend more than Lendl. Indeed, he dates the origins of his most successful streak—which included a 45-match run of wins that began shortly before the Vienna crisis and extended into 1982, a year in which he won 121 of 129 matches, 20 tournaments and a record \$1.9 million—to the introduction of Bosworth-strung rackets to his arsenal. But for all Bosworth's attention to the material side of the game, an important part of what he does, as Solomon avows, is give his players a "huge psychological advantage."

Call it the assurance that comes with uniformity. Fact is, the piles of tennis rackets that are stamped from molds and rolled off assembly lines like so many overpriced rug beaters are less than precision instruments. No pro worth his endorsement contract would dare play with his autograph model without first having it customized in some way.

"Among other pluses," says Mayer, "Warren saves you the trouble of having to go to the racket factory and pick through 200 frames before you can find five that are the right weight and balance for you." Using tournament stringers is another kind of craphoot. Says Gottfried, "Sometimes I got back rackets with strings that meandered like rivers or were so dead I couldn't even play with them. And no two stringers or stringing machines are the same. You can have five rackets all strung at the same tension, and none of them will come out the same."

Connors agrees. "I play with the smallest head in the game," he says of the Wilson T2000, a tubular steel curiosity which, in the era of the oversized racket, does indeed seem as small and whippy as a fly swatter. It's so volatile, says Connors, "I could never play with a racket off the shelf." To compensate for the variances, he has, in effect, developed his own racket customizing system. Going

"mostly by feel," he adds as much as 40 grams of lead tape to the head of his racket to stabilize its weight—and his nervous system. "The T2000 is like an extension of my arm," says Connors, "and Warren with his stringing helps to add a little muscle."

Given the fact that a top pro goes through 100 frames and as many as 400 string jobs and grip changes a year, the chances that he'll end up with a clinker in his bag are disconcertingly high. "Before Warren," says Lendl, "I had to get my rackets strung three or four times during a tournament before I got the right touch. I spent all this time and money running around, and even then I was always worrying, if I broke a string, that the racket I picked up would not be the same. Now I don't even look at the rackets before a match. That helps my confidence and concentration."

In the past most pros would "play to the racket," that is, alter their strokes to compensate for the idiosyncrasies of a new racket. But for Bosworth's clients, no more. "Today," says Bosworth, "the idea is to make the necessary adjustments in the rackets beforehand, so the player can stay with his own best game."

Still, as Gottfried says, "As important as stringing is, I think Warren would be the first to say that ultimately the winning

continued



At a hotel room stringing session, the Wiz's wisdom brings succor to Solomon.



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Wizard of Boz

continued

and losing is done by the man and not the racket. If you're a good player, you can win with a frying pan." Perhaps, but who among Bosworth's charges would want to take that risk? Not Gottfried, who has invited Bosworth to accompany him to tournaments in Europe the last two years. And certainly not Tanner, a fireballer who, twice burned, is thrice devoted.

Tanner vividly remembers the 1979 U.S. Open. Going in, he says, "I thought something was really wrong with me. I felt like I was always mis-hitting the ball; there was always that mushy feeling you get when your timing's not there." After Tanner barely survived the first two rounds, Dennis Ralston, his coach, suggested that he should go and see the Doctor, another of Bosworth's sobriquets.

"Roscoe was really struggling," Bosworth recalls. "He said he didn't think he could play tennis anymore, and when he brought me his rackets, I could see why. They were terrible—no two even remotely the same. So I restrung and re-gripped them all, and he went out the next day and beat Lendl!"

"It was amazing," says Tanner. "I was getting a lot more zip on the ball. My serve was much stronger, and the old pop I was used to feeling was there again. So was my timing, and that's not something you regain overnight. I realized that the problem had been the bad string jobs and not me, and that was a big relief, believe me." So much so that Tanner went on in that Open to upset Bjorn Borg in a memorable quarterfinal match that had reporters crowding around to find out what secret strategy he had used. "The difference in the match," said Tanner, "was the string job."

Because of a mixup on his part, Tanner was without that difference at the 1982 Volvo Masters in Madison Square Garden. When he lost his first two matches in a combination round robin tournament with rackets he'd had strung locally, Ralston put through an emergency call to Bosworth, who was in Miami at a tennis trade show. "I rushed home on the next jet," says Bosworth, "pulled Roscoe's rackets out of the bin, strung them, sent them right down to the Garden and then flew back to Miami." Tanner responded by beating Connors in



For Lendl, Bosworth puts the accent on tension.

three tingling tie-breaker sets. Noting that Connors had won nine of their previous 10 meetings, Tanner said with a smile, "I would say Warren's string jobs help a little bit, wouldn't you?"

To hackers, ascribing such mystical powers to a few strands of gut may seem a bit much. That's why they're hackers, according to Bosworth. "Unless you have it," he says, "it's difficult to appreciate the unbelievable sense of touch the pros acquire from a lifetime of hitting tennis balls. Take Solomon. He's the finickiest of all. Each of his unstrung frames must weigh exactly 354.2 grams. Not 354.3 or 354.1 but exactly 354.2. That's Harold. The finished product has to be 399.0 grams with the balance point 337.5 mm from the butt."

"I'm really particular about my stuff," admits Solomon. "It's pretty amazing, but I can feel it in my hands when a racket is off by three or four grams, which is like the weight of a piece of paper."

Once racket uniformity is attained it must constantly be tinkered with to make allowances for a whole set of other variables. Indeed, if there wasn't a Bosworth standing by with his rackets and gauges, the dizzying output of new equipment alone would have compelled today's players to manufacture him out of nowhere. New developments in twisted gut and in racket designs and materials as well as some five or six different kinds of tournament ball, each with distinct playing characteristics, must be figured into

the equation. Factor in the effects of altitude, the whims of weather and the differences in court surfaces, and each match becomes a problem in quantum mechanics.

"With Warren," says Mayer, "I can just say, 'I'm going to Europe, and we'll be playing on clay with unpressurized Tretorn balls at an altitude of 2,500 feet. String my racket and make it play like I like it to play.'" In short, as Connors says, "You need Warren to survive today."

Connors should know. Unlike Lendl, who has kept his rackets strung at 72 pounds ever since Cologne, a fussybudget like Connors switches string tensions not only from match to match but during matches as well. While en route to winning the 1982 U.S. Open, for example, he conferred with Bosworth about an evening match against Arias. Aware that a predicted drop in temperature would reduce the speed of the ball, Bosworth advised, "Be prepared to go down in tension slightly so the ball will be faster off the strings and you won't have to work as hard."

Accordingly, Connors strode onto the court with four pairs of rackets, strung at 60, 61.5, 62.5 and 63 pounds, respectively, and, after a few warmup swipes, decided to start with one strung at 62.5. As the evening chill descended, Arias waxed hot and broke to a 6-0, 3-0 lead. Not to worry. During a changeover, Connors went to his Bosworth bag of tricks and picked up one of the rackets strung at 60. And presto switcho, he came alive and swept 18 of the next 20 games to win 6-6, 6-3, 6-0, 6-2.

"I liked the rackets Warren strung at 62.5 pounds during the heat of the day," says Connors, "but that night against Arias that ball just wouldn't come off my racket the way I like. So I went with the 60, and instead of just hitting the ball, I really started smacking it. You just never know. For instance, I picked up the racket I beat Arias with the next day, and I wanted to throw it away it felt so bad. It's a question of feel, and Warren understands that. He understands weather conditions. He understands the game. And perhaps best of all, he understands me."

Which is no small feat according to Del Wilber, former president of North American operations for Snauwaert, a

continued

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Wizard of Boz

continued

racket maker, and now a partner and a managing director at Advantage International, which represents many leading players. "Warren has a unique mentality that lets him deal with the massive egos of world-class athletes. What makes Connors as good as he is that he's so damn arrogant and egotistical he doesn't think anybody can ever beat him. That makes him a good player, but it also makes him a little tough to handle. And that goes for most of the top players. When you know how much money those guys are making,

will result in what Tanner mysteriously describes as "a certain satisfying emotion that develops off the strings?" Therein, says Wilber, lies Bosworth's "truly singular gift, an uncanny ability to precisely translate the imprecise."

Wilber, who hired Bosworth as the chief technical consultant for Snauwaert, explains that "the engineers who design sports equipment go by the numbers. Unfortunately, the athletes who use that equipment have a whole different set of perceptions. And there's no chance,

none, that they can express what they feel in words that the engineers can understand. So what happens is that a Stan Musial ends up working on his bats with a Coke bottle, and Connors has to slap a ton of lead tape on the T2000. I'm sure that in the aerospace industry, say, there are test pilots who have found a way to communicate with the engineers. But in my experience there's never been anyone in sports who spans the gap between the players and the R & D guys except Warren."

Bosworth was to the manner born. His grandfather was an inventor who gave the world the Bosworth Tipping Machine, a breakthrough in the mass production of those little gizmos on the ends of shoestrings. His

father, a man of means and influence in Providence, R.I., operated the Warren M. Bosworth Funeral Home, and Warren Jr., after earning a degree in embalming from the New England Institute of Anatomy, worked as a mortician for four years before taking up investment banking. Raised in a "fairly affluent atmosphere," Bosworth played scratch golf, skipped the family yacht and raced his Jaguar and MG in sportscar rallies. But after he married in 1959, fathered three children and worked for five brokerage houses, the last of which was E.F. Hutton's office in Hartford, sound financial management dictated that he find a more cost-efficient pastime. "So I took up ten-

nis," he says, "basically because I could play for free on the public courts."

Bosworth took tennis lessons—and gave one in self-reliance. When he failed to improve, he concluded that the teaching methods, not he, were "inadequate and probably wrong." So he decided to teach himself through scientific inquiry, beginning with what amounted to the anatomy of the tennis stroke. Convinced that "the only important thing is what happens at the moment of impact with the ball," Bosworth went to the 1968 U.S. Open at Forest Hills, bought a camera and 54 rolls of film and photographed the players hitting forehands and backhands from every conceivable angle. He broadened his investigation to question virtually every axiom in the game. Among others, Bosworth consulted a psychiatrist, an oculist and the NASA physicists who designed the life-support systems for the moon walks. A self-taught engineer with wide-ranging interests, Bosworth also relied on his training in chemistry, architecture, drafting and something called video recall, a skill that enables him to recount, on command, events and conversations in full detail and word for word years after the fact. "Your brain never forgets what it sees and hears," he says. "You just have to learn how to recall it."

Forever asking "why do you do this?" only to be told, "because that's the way it's always been done," Bosworth went to any extreme to get at the facts. To gain more firsthand knowledge about court surfaces, for instance, he formed, and for two years operated, a company that maintained Har-Tru and other surfaces. And, typically, when given a string job that wasn't to his liking, he bought a stringing machine and began tinkering. What he came up with so impressed the Ektelon Corp. that the company asked him to redesign its stringing machine.

Bosworth attended the inaugural Aetna World Cup held in Hartford in 1972, and by 1976 he was the tournament's Floor General. He oversaw the stringing operation, the ball boys and the courts, and he relished the opportunity to attend every practice session and "just sit there for hours taking pictures and watching the best players in the world hit tennis balls." The players also had taken note of the ubiquitous shutterbug, and before long he became the personal stringer for such luminaries as Rod Laver, Ken

continued



Harmon's rackets weren't harmonious till he met Boz.

you can't sit there and listen to them whine and whimper without getting a little cynical. Well, Warren is never cynical. He cuts through all that, and I don't know if you call it patience or understanding or what, but he can listen to those massive egos, and he's not the enemy, he's one of them."

Presumably, given the specifications and training, other artisans could turn out a dozen reasonably uniform rackets. But how does one arrive at those uniquely individual specifications? How does one decipher the vague code words the pros use to describe racket response—dead, mushy, tingy, harsh, solid, sling-shoty—and turn them into formulas that



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Wizard of Boz

continued

Rosewall, John Newcombe and Stan Smith.

Along the way, Bosworth grew skilled enough at the sport to qualify as a U.S. Professional Tennis Association teaching pro. He believes the standard teaching methods in tennis are so wrongheaded that they scare off thousands of beginners each year. "Generally," he says, "the attitude of the teaching pros is, 'If you don't learn what I teach you, you're a dummy.' My approach is, 'If you don't learn, I'm the dummy.'"

Somebody smartened up, because by 1975 when the man from E.F. Hutton talked tennis, people in substantial numbers listened. Enough players were availing themselves of his services to induce him to retire from the investment business in 1975 to form a more perfect union between player and racket. "The odds against a person picking out the perfect racket for himself are extremely high," says Bosworth. "There's no single test and no outside authority for making that decision for you. Your physical needs and game style are as individual as your fingerprints, and the only way to find out is to experiment with as many different rackets as you can. Eventually, in this

process, the best racket for you will announce itself."

To that end, he periodically tours the country with a hit show called the Bosworth Racket Clinic. His main props are several carefully calibrated sets of rackets that he likens to the lenses an optometrist uses in an eye exam. Bosworth will start a player with a set of eight rackets that differ in weight by gradations of five grams and have him hit with each model until the player finds out what "feels good." Then the player repeats the process of elimination with sets of rackets with different degrees of flexibility, balance points, string tensions, grip configurations, head sizes and frame compositions until he arrives at a combination that is as uniquely suited to his needs as a pair of eyeglasses.

While the clinic is primarily intended for the average player, Bosworth sometimes puts his pro clients through the paces as well. On two occasions, for instance, Tim Gullikson stayed at Bosworth's home for three days to adjust his racket specifications and learn the mechanics of hitting the top spin. The Dr. Feelgood of tennis also treats emergency cases like Rodney Harmon. A re-

cent graduate of SMU who was one of the nation's top college players, Harmon was so erratic while losing a first-round match at the U.S. Pro Championships in Boston last July that some of his shots would have gone for extra bases in Fenway Park.

"One of my wristy forehands took off and hit the scoreboard," says Harmon. "I was so embarrassed that I went to Connecticut right away and spent two days working with Warren." The master overhauled Harmon's rackets and introduced him to the Bosworth Pattern, a stringing innovation that is made up of "absolutely perfect squares surrounded by rectangles and gives the player a little more power and a truer face for spinning, chipping and volleying."

In addition, at the points where the strings intersect, Bosworth inserted tiny circular graphite "lifts" with—a special wizardly touch—holes in the middle no bigger than a gnat's eye. The lifts are designed to reduce friction between strings and thereby decrease wear, but lifts without holes, says Bosworth, "cut off the energy transference and detract from the normal playing feeling. The holes, on the other hand, allow the strings to touch and transmit the vibrations properly without undue friction." So armed, Harmon advanced to the quarterfinals in his next four tournaments, including the U.S. Open where, ranked No. 221 in the world at the time, he upset eighth-seeded Eliot Teltscher.

For major tournaments, Bosworth usually sets up shop nearby—in a private club for the French Open, in a Chelsea flat for Wimbledon, in a Manhattan hotel suite for the U.S. Open. Wherever he unpacks his shipping crates, it's Racket Central for the players, a busy pit stop with dozens of frames filed in random stacks—Connors on the sofa, Lendl atop the bureau, Tanner under the TV set—amid a spread of sophisticated hardware that causes minds to suspect they are harboring a mad bomber.

Working with one or more assistants, Bosworth offers round-the-clock service and, when asked, tactical advice gleaned from reams of point-by-point charts of hundreds of matches he has recorded in a shorthand language known only to wizards. By way of prepping Harmon for his match against Teltscher, for example, Bosworth sketched a plan of attack on a handy copy of *The New York Times*. The

continued



Using a Bosworth racket, a 40-year-old Rosewall reached the 1974 U.S. Open finals.

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Wizard of Boz

continued

strategy, as translated by Harmon, meant "serve right at him and make him move to his backhand. It helped a lot. So did the confidence I got when, at the beginning of the fifth set, I had to go to my bag for a new racket and I came back and served an ace. Warren's not a stringer. He's a counselor, a genius. Let's face it. I wouldn't have been able to play if he hadn't helped me."

The difficulties Harmon had stemmed from the fact that he was changing from a Snauwaert racket to a Head, a familiar cross in a market that is overrun by manufacturers' reps who want their rackets in the hands of as many top players as possible. The Doctor, of course, excels at treating the readjustment jitters, doing for Harmon and other occupants essentially what he did for Tracy Austin, *i.e.*, made her Spalding wood play exactly like the Wilson wood she grew up with. While making his switch from Wilson to Snauwaert, Gottfried fell prey to the old communications barrier. "I kept telling the factory people I wanted the racket more flexible," he says, "and they kept trying, but nothing seemed to work. It wasn't until Warren got involved that I discovered that we were going totally backward, that what I really wanted was a stiffer racket, if you can believe that."

Having built what Gottfried calls "the first bridge of communication between the players and the manufacturers," it was inevitable that Bosworth would cross it and begin designing his own rackets. His first effort was an aluminum frame for Snauwaert with a hexagonal rather than oval face. Christened the Dyno, the racket was introduced in 1980, and the graphite version has now become one of Snauwaert's top-selling models. Currently, Bosworth is working on a racket for Connors.

"I no longer have a contract with Wilson," Connors says, "because they have chosen to stop making the T2000 sometime in the near future." He does have a contract with Bosworth to develop a kind

of T2001 with all the quicky characteristics Jimbo loves to tape and untape. Two years in the making, "the Connors Project is in its final stages," says Bosworth, "and merely awaits Jimmy's approval." And the subsequent scramble by the manufacturers to win the rights to market it.

Recently, while putting around in

rings again. He chats briefly, hangs up and says, "That was Jimmy wanting to know about a new kind of soft leather grip he'd like to try."

While checking for messages on a tel-ex machine in the studio that "keeps me in touch with equipment people around the world," Bosworth says, "I feel fortunate to have the opportunity to work

with the pros. Frankly, I would do it for nothing." Still, he allows that it's reassuring to know that, with the annual \$5,000 retainer he receives from each of his clients, plus \$30 for every string job, \$50 an hour for lab time spent on special problems, commissions from Dyno racket sales and his fees for various consulting-projects, including being head stringer for the Volvo Masters, the pastime that he took up all those years ago to cut costs will put him in the income group of many of his clients. All told, with plans to move into a new, larger studio within two years and all signs bullish for the future, his stockbroker's instincts tell him, "I'm my own best investment."

Running his hand across a pine box his father used for shipping caskets, Bosworth says it contains "all my secret experimental rackets." Unlocking the box, he pulls out an asymmetrical creation he calls the Alpha Project. The Y-shaped yoke or throat of the racket was open and supported by an angled strut that,

along with a new spider-web stringing pattern, seems capable of winning a few points on shock value alone.

Bosworth takes some picture-perfect practice swings with the racket, saying, "Project Alpha, which we'll introduce in the middle of next year [stroke], is a revolutionary new product designed for 97% of the marketplace [stroke]. It's patentable and I guarantee you that within three years [stroke] it will bring me half a million dollars [stroke, stroke]."

The phone rings. "Eevon," he says, "vere are you?"

Another day, another holler for the wonderful, wonderful Wizard of Boz. **END**



One of the notable accolades in Boz's rogues' gallery.

his studio, or "the place where I play at things," as he puts it, Bosworth showed off his miniturnover. Among other items, it includes the racket he strung and Rosewall used in 1974 to reach the final at both Wimbledon and the U.S. Open at age 40, and a photo of Mayer inscribed, "When it comes to stringing, you are either a genius or totally crazy."

The phone rings. Bosworth answers and says, "O.K., send me 16 sets and \$5,000." Hanging up, he says, "We do a great deal of product testing. That call was from a gut manufacturer, but we also test tennis balls, court surfaces, racket-ball racquets and the like." The phone

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First Person

by ASHLEY HARPER

AT 65, THIS UNRETIRED SORT TOOK THE PLUNGE INTO THE CHANNEL ONCE MORE

The sun had gone down an hour before, and night had taken full hold off the coast of France. When I saw someone in the choppy waves a dozen feet away, I wondered if I was hallucinating again. I'd been in the 63° water for more than 13 hours in my second attempt—at age 65—to swim the English Channel and was beginning to wonder if this try was going to end as the first one had. A year before, on Aug. 9, 1981, trainer Pete Burney and pilot Charley Potts pulled me from the wa-



ter after 12 hours. I was less than four miles from the French coast; I was hallucinating, hypothermic and weakened by nausea and vomiting.

Charley's tiny boat had no cabin, and for the next hour and a half I lay unconscious on the open deck, wrapped in blankets and cold as the fish that Charley was more accustomed to hauling in from the sea. Pete and my wife, Madge, massaged me constantly until I recovered consciousness just before we reached Folkestone at 10 p.m. She said later that I "felt like a corpse."

My attempt to swim the English Channel began, in effect, in the fall of 1977 when I swam in a five-mile race across Lake Atitlán in Guatemala. Although I'd

never swum more than two miles before, my time was respectable; I found that I enjoyed open-water, long-distance swimming, and I still recall thinking what a tremendous challenge it would be to try the Channel some day.

Three years later I read that the Channel, which was first conquered by Captain Matthew Webb in 1875, had been swum by only two people older than 50. Indiana University Swimming Coach Dr. James Counsilman was one of them; he'd made it in 1979 at the age of 58. I decided to start training for an attempt in the summer of 1981, when I would be 64.

Counsilman and others provided me with advice, the most important being that a Channel aspirant should try to average 120 miles of swimming a month for a year, and that he should get plenty of cold-water training. I live in Albuquerque, in central New Mexico, and it has few cold-water lakes. I was disconcerted to hear, when my wife and I reached England in late July of '81, that swimmers often scream to be taken out after only a few hours. In a book on Channel swimming, I read in the first chapter that the cold water "chills the dream and petrifies the ambition."

Nor was I encouraged by my conversations with Ted, the pilot I first engaged. "It's only 20½ miles from Dover to Cap Gris Nez," he would say, "but no bloke has ever been able to swim it in a straight line. The terrible strong tides, y'know; a swimmer yer speed, it's more like 35 or 40 miles. And the cold water is murder; you need good circulation to stand up to it. How old did you say you were, mate?"

Letters home before that first attempt suggest that overconfidence was not one of my problems. July 24: "Had my first swim today. Thought water would be a relief after the 60° air; was wrong: 58°. Managed two miles, at which time fingertips turned blue and soles of feet, white. Suffered, albeit courageously, a few twinges of despair. What manner of person can endure 10, 12 or 16 hours in the Channel?" July 25: "Met 22-year-old South African with King Kong shoulders and biceps as big as my thighs. Mark has been training for 18 months, has been swimming in 60° water for three months and hasn't taken a hot shower in a year.

He is like awesome." July 26: "I learned that even Mark has a weakness. The water (59° today) numbs his fingers, too. After an hour in the water he can't control the little finger of either hand, and is considering taping each to the other three fingers the day of his swim. . . . Four attempts today; none made it. The Japanese girl lasted about eight hours, then had to be taken out; she was carried from the boat when it reached Folkestone." July 29: "Six miles today. Trying to increase mileage each day. Temperature of water up to a breathtaking (deliberate play on words) 62°. For first time began to think I might make it. Hopes dashed in evening when we heard that Mark, the rugged one, had asked to be taken out after only three hours. Lord-a-mercy."

Now my near-fatal 1981 attempt was history. In preparation for the second try I swam about 800 miles from January to Aug. 25, '82, had almost a month of cold-water training in northern Lake Michigan and, at the suggestion of my new pilot, Ray Dixon, did a five-hour swim in Dover Harbour two weeks before the attempt. The swim went well: I did slightly more than 10 miles, had no problems and felt strong at the end. When I swam ashore Ray introduced me to a 67-year-old Brazilian who was planning an attempt a week after mine. I didn't relish the thought of setting a record after 18 months of training, only to have it broken a week later. I needn't have worried: Ray called me a few days later to say that the Brazilian swimmer had set out the day before on his own five-hour training swim, but had come ashore an hour later and had flown back to Brazil the next day. Ray didn't know the Portuguese for "chills the dream and petrifies the ambition" but believed those were the Brazilian's last words.

On Aug. 24, two days before my scheduled attempt, I reviewed with Dave, my 27-year-old son and a former prep school and college swimmer, the written instructions I had drawn up. In his log he was to enter, at hourly intervals, the temperature of the water, my stroke rate, the force and direction of the wind, the condition of the sea and my position. Bearing in mind what had happened a year earlier, I wrote: "If I'm still stroking and making headway, I want to go as long as I can. Don't take me out unless I'm out of my head or making no progress at all against the tides." At this

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point Dave very reasonably asked, "How will I know when you've reached your limit?" I replied that after 12 hours in the '81 attempt my stroke rate had dropped to 50, and that if it went that low again, Dave should seriously consider pulling me out.

Attempts to swim the Channel are usually scheduled during a neap tide, when the volume of water coursing between the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea is at its lowest. The neap tides occur twice a month and last about three to five days. My swim was scheduled for Aug. 26, but Ray called from Dover the night before to say that 20-knot winds were forecast. High winds were also predicted for the 27th, and again we had to postpone. At about 9 p.m. on the 27th Ray called and said that a 12- to 18-hour period of light winds was forecast for the 28th, beginning at dawn. "Are you ready, Ashby? We're going!" he said.

Fred Westall, the gracious proprietor of the Lismore Hotel in Folkestone, drove Dave and me to Shakespeare Beach the next morning, and while I gazed apprehensively at the choppy Channel in the cold, gray dawn, Dave applied "Channel grease" from my neck to my ankles. The grease, a mixture of lanolin and petroleum jelly, is designed to insulate the swimmer from the cold and is very effective for several hours.

The beginning of a Channel swim is not very dramatic. Larded down with grease and looking, with cap and goggles, like a creature from another planet, the swimmer waves to a handful of friends and a few spectators and photographers, wades in, swims out to his boat and strikes out for France. It's the pilot's job to steer a course that, considering the strength and direction of the tides and the speed of the swimmer, will take him as directly as possible to Cap Gris Nez. It's the swimmer's job simply to stay as close to the boat as possible. Channel Swimming Association rules prohibit touching the boat or anyone on it. Our plan was to have Dave hand me a styrofoam cup of Ensure Plus, a calorie-rich diet supplement, every hour; after drinking it, I would thrash about for 20 or 30 seconds to loosen up, and then start swimming again.

At 7:40 a.m. Ray's dinghy came ashore to pick up Dave and Dr. Bob Cooling, a



London physician whom apprehensive friends from home had persuaded to accompany me on the boat; after a wave, which I hoped looked jaunty, to the cluster of people on the beach, I waded in and started swimming. At eight, according to Dave's log, my stroke rate was 58 and I was "looking good." At nine, when I asked Dave after the feeding what my stroke rate was, he said, "Holding steady." What he didn't tell me—and I'm glad he didn't—was that it was "steady" at 50 strokes a minute. When we reviewed the log the next day, we concluded that, without being aware of it, I was using a slower stroke with a stronger pull than I'd used the year before; during the last five hours of the swim, after the first view of France boosted my confidence, the rate was two or three strokes a minute faster than it had been during the first seven or eight hours.

In '81 the sun had never come out, and I never saw France. From the sixth hour on, I could not keep any feedings down, became dehydrated and lost strength steadily. In '82, by contrast, the sun was out all day and I took my Ensure every hour with no ill effects. When Dave waved me in for the one o'clock feeding I was almost sure I was halfway across and was disappointed when Ray came out of the wheelhouse to tell me, "Eleven miles to Cap Gris Nez, Ashby." At the two o'clock feeding Dave told me I was halfway, but Ray, something of an amateur psychologist, simply said, "That German is just behind us and catching up; you don't want him to beat you, do you?" A German swimmer had left Dover half an hour before I did; Dave told me later that I'd passed him about noon and that when

Ray said he was "just behind and catching up," he was actually a mile back and falling farther behind. But I responded dutifully to Ray's urging and mustered up 30 minutes of extra effort.

At the three o'clock feeding it was clear that my confidence was building: I told Dr. Cooling that his name should have been Dr. Warming, and then I informed Dave that I could probably swim back to Dover after reaching France, but had decided not to. Growing confidence or incipient hallucination?

By four o'clock I could tell from the looks on the faces of the people on the boat that things were not going well, although they didn't speak of the slow progress: less than a mile from three to four. The sun was beginning to sink in the west, and the water seemed both rougher and colder. Dave's entry for four o'clock quoted me as asking, after my first glimpse of the French coast, "Is that France?" Were growing disorientation, the cold and the tides going to defeat me? Dave's and Bob's words were encouraging, but their faces were grim.

Dave's log tells the rest of the story. "5:00 p.m. Water still choppy. Barely three-quarters of a mile this hour—the flood tide is our enemy. Ray came to the side of the boat during the feeding and Dad asked him, 'How much longer?' Ray: 'Three hours or more.' Dad: 'I'm almost at the end of my rope.' And then, before he started swimming again: 'I think I have about three-and-a-half hours left in me.' [I can't explain the preciseness of that comment, unless I simply wanted the people on the boat to know that I intended to make it.]

"6:00 p.m. Dad: 'I hate to ask, but how far out are we?' Dave: 'We're only three miles from Gris Nez, but the flood tide is sweeping you up the coast toward Calais. About five miles to our target point.' Dad: 'I think I'm going to make it.' [Several nights earlier I'd had a dream in which I saw Dave step ashore in France and shout, "All right!" So at this feeding, when I said I thought I'd make it, Dave remembered my dream and shouted, "All right!" They were perhaps the two most heartening words I heard all day.]

"7:30 p.m. It's almost dark. Dad: 'How far?' [By now I had long since forgotten our agreement that I was not to ask about my progress, for fear of hearing disheart-

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FIRST PERSON continued

ening news. I Ray, 'This next hour is going to be critical; swim hard.' Dad: 'Okay.'

"8:30 p.m. Ray 'We're going all the way. Ashby, but this next half hour is critical; this is when we discover who the real Channel swimmers are. Less than two miles; go for it' Dad, 'Okay.' (By now Ray's psychology was wearing thin, and when he told me at two consecutive feedings that the next 40 or 50 minutes were "critical," I could not produce a very jovial response.)

"9:00 p.m. We lost Dave in the dark for about five minutes; he is having trouble staying close to us, and seemed confused when he swam back to the boat from a point about 100 yards off our starboard bow. Ray 'This is where you make it or don't make it, Ashby.' Dad, 'Okay.' (The boat's running lights were on, and I could see them clearly the entire time I was "lost," but Dave and Ray could not see me. It was the most crucial time in the entire swim, and Ray said later that he didn't think that I was going to make it.) Ray: 'This is the last feeding. Ashby, it's up to you'."

The last feeding, I turned toward the shore and started swimming. Suddenly it was 1981 again, and I was in the dreamy state that precedes loss of consciousness. No, there was a swimmer in the water, urging me on and pointing at the nearest light on the shore. Dave! When I realized that it was my son in the water, I knew that nothing was going to stop me from making it. (I would learn the next day that he'd had to argue a long time before Ray let him jump into the water; Ray knew nothing about Dave's swimming ability and was worried about losing both of us in the dark.) Dave shouted encouragement, pointed the way—"Keep the moon at two o'clock, Dad!"—and shouted encouragement again.

At 9:35 p.m., after a final 100 yards through a heavy and rock-strewn surf, Dave and I walked out of the sea at a deserted stretch of beach just west of Wissant. There was no one there, although we could smell and see a campfire about half a mile away. A simple, silent handshake and the 13-hour, 52-minute struggle was over. My memory of that moment is vague—Dave's final entry in the log, which he added on the way back to Dover, quotes me as saying only two words: "Dear Lord"—but the memory of my son in the cold, dark water that last mile will remain clear forever.

END

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PERSPECTIVE

by DARRELL BERGER

ALL WAS WELL FOR THIS YOUNG BATTER UNTIL A HURTING BALL CAME SAILING IN

At the first suggestion of spring this year, my niece, Leigh, who was two months shy of her fifth birthday, and I traded the foam balls we had been swatting around the basement for plastic ones. Leigh, stretching out to her full 3' 10", dug in for her first outdoor batting practice.

Her stance needed a little fine-tuning. I first explained that she shouldn't stand facing me. I positioned her feet in line with her shoulders. I then showed her the advantage of having one's hands back and cocked, ready to swing. Soon she was getting good plastic perhaps a third of the time.

Leigh is, in the biased opinion of her mentor/uncle and the unbiased opinion of her pediatrician, an exceptionally strong and well-coordinated little girl. She's also exceptionally willful and possesses what the extremely mellow headmaster of her preschool describes as an overly developed competitive nature. Thus our batting practice is a useful outlet for her natural resources.

Working with her, I began to understand more clearly the primordial pleasure derived from hitting a ball with a bat. The aggression and violence that adults submerge while engaged in sports were openly displayed in her innocence.

The line between physical ability and desire, so murky in older players and al-

most obliterated in professionals, was also very clear. Leigh either really wanted to play, or really didn't want to. Swinging the bat even once beyond her attention span was a major chore and one sure to result in a whiff. The ability to concentrate and see the ball became for Leigh the most arduous aspect of hitting—no manner of discipline comes easily at five.

"Now look," I said, holding the ball. "Watch it all the way." And because I believe that baseball tradition is as important to teach as good mechanics, I added a few venerable clichés. "Keep your eye on the ball. You can't hit what you can't see."

She did appear to be predisposed toward several good habits. As naturally as she had taken her first steps, she held the bat with an ideal grip and swung with neither hand overpowering the other, doubtless because at her age hand preference is still ill-defined. More important, and much to my amazement, she seemed to have conquered some of the most difficult elements of the swing. Leigh instinctively shifted her weight properly, extended her arms and exhibited a follow-through that would be the envy of many an older boy I'd coached. She was also in the blessed state of not knowing what a home run is. Children need to be protected from some of life's realities, and I intended to shelter Leigh from the aspects of the game that corrupt the conscience and swing of more worldly hitters. She had also never been observed by her parents, worn a uniform or kept score—a hitter of pure innocence, an athletic Eve before the Fall.

Or, at least she was. My own season was about to begin, and a few days after Leigh's first outdoor b.p., I was taking a few practice swings in the yard. She returned from school and wanted to join me. I didn't want to deny her, but I really did want to knock the rust from my game. I compromised and told her to get her bat and ball.

When she returned, she had brought not the hollow plastic ball, but a squishy rubber-coated softball like those used by the young girls' teams that play on the common behind our house. It had been a gift from Grandma and had previously been used only as an all-purpose plaything, but it seemed suitable because I could also use it to hit flies to my dog, whose retrieving instincts have long since been molded to outfielding.

I hit a few. Leigh hit a few. Doc, the dog, fielded for us. I was in an easy groove, tossing softly underhand. The plastic bat was overmatched against the heavier ball, but Leigh wisely compensated with more hip movement and earlier preparation. A hot grounder bounced through me, a nice liner fell far to my right. A few misses went unremarked upon.

I never said much to Leigh during our sessions, except to remind her of proper form when it eluded her or to acknowledge that some of her misses were really due to my poor pitching. I also praised a good swing, regardless of result. But for the sake of concentration I never spoke during her swings—that is, until the pitch that got away. Then I yelled, "Look out!"

Leigh didn't understand what to look out for. Until then the pitches had been feathery and harmless. But what seemed to me a ball of yielding pudginess suddenly appeared to her as a dangerous missile. Caught in mid-swing, she had "opened" her body at the precise moment my inside, unintentional brushback plunked dully against her ribs, slightly above and to the left of her navel.

She dropped the bat. She looked at me in total surprise. In the next instant her face tensed and conveyed the message that she had been utterly betrayed. Then came the decision whether to cry. Yes. Loudly.

It had never occurred to me that the change to a more substantial ball meant that I should explain to Leigh the first fact of the game, the real game: The ball is hard. But it was too late now. She already knew.



continued

Lord of the Canadians

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She lifted her T shirt and revealed an impressive strawberry. The tears were easily quelled, and her confidence in me was restored when I explained I had not intended to hurt her. Once we had determined that there was no lasting injury, we agreed to continue. I threw one more, a nice fat one, exactly like those she had been cloaking before. She missed. I witnessed the most profound and unequivocal bailout I'd ever seen. Her front foot was metaphorically in the dugout before I released the pitch.

I realized I had been the cause of a primary athletic emotion. I tried to explain that because I'd thrown a great number of pitches without hitting her, I was unlikely to hit her again. And that even if I came close again, she would now know to move away. Her brain accepted this; her body didn't.

I believed that, like the beginning rider first thrown from the saddle, Leigh needed to stand in again, right now. I instructed her to keep her front foot forward. She improved slightly, made contact once or twice, but only through strength of will.

Her heart had gone. Was I to assist that she hang in there, risking more tears, not from injury but from facing an overwhelming challenge? Would I make baseball for her a test of courage at age five? What might be the effects of quitting now? Would I be telling her that pain meant tears and that tears meant one didn't have to try?

I remembered my own youthful agonies, standing in against a 12-year-old southpaw sidearm who shaved both the corners of the plate and his face. I remembered my fear.

"Let's go in for today, sweetheart. We'll come out again soon." She agreed with great relief. I don't know when or if Leigh will be ready to test her insides against the real pain and conflict we call sports, but I'm not ready to test her yet.

By the evening I was more overwhelmed by the incident than Leigh. I decided there must be some compromise between making our games a premature test of character and allowing them to be without content or challenge. I told her that the little plastic ball might be better

for us to use for now, but that we could use the bigger, heavier ball whenever she wanted. This seemed agreeable to her, and though we haven't used the hurting ball since, some day we'll face it again. And next time we'll both be ready.

Later I heard her describe the incident to her mother with pride and the trace of braggadocio one uses to conceal fear. And I knew more deeply that for every man who brushes himself off and resumes his aggressive batting stance, there once was a crying child, surprised and terrified that a pitcher would use the ball as a weapon.

Perhaps all fears can be traced to traumatic first causes. Perhaps all of us have long repressed the original event when a sport first scared us. Though the memory isn't a conscious one, the body remembers and flinches. How one acknowledges the fear and responds to the flinch is a key to athletic success. No matter how Leigh progresses, even if she becomes a first-round draft choice in 1996, I'll always be her primal batting coach. I was there when fear first bit her. **END**

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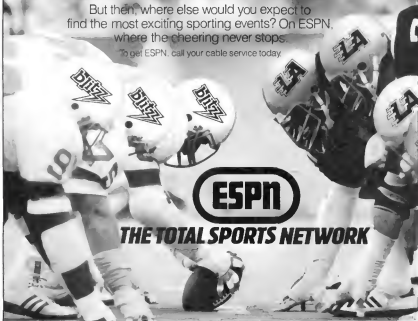
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Reminiscence

by GILES TIPPETTE

ON A TEXAS LAKE A YOUTH DISCOVERED THE FISH AND HIS UNCLE WERE BITING

I believe it was the knife sheath that caused my Uncle Joe Jackson to refer to me as the Headless Horseman for a good deal more years than I'd care to remember. The horseman part came because I was a rodeo cowboy; the headless part was because of something I'd done one day while we were fishing. We were in a little boat about 10 feet off the shore of Day Lake, which is a tributary of the Trinity River in East Texas, close to Dayton. This was back in 1951, when I was a levelheaded 16-year-old who might have known an apple from an orange if you'd peeled them first.

I'd recently acquired a first-class filleting and general fish knife that cost about \$15, which considerably damaged my dating and general running around fund. Naturally, I was proud of that knife and didn't intend to loan it to any careless persons with poor character references.

I'd saved up my money and bought that knife because my Uncle Joe had told me that any man who could stand upright in a fishing boat ought to have one. Now my Uncle Joe (whom I sometimes called Uncle Stick because of his bald head) was the best fisherman I'd ever known. I knew this was true because he'd told me so on several occasions.

On this particular day we were tied to the limb of a fallen cypress tree and were bobber fishing for perch or crappie or any other fish dumb enough to wander into our reach. We used minnows for bait. I realize there are sport fishermen out there who would cringe at the prospect of bobber fishing with minnows, considering such a practice as sport only for children using bent pins at the end of twine on a cane pole. They wouldn't have held that opinion long in the presence of my Uncle Joe. He was an iconoclast of the first water, a man whose main quarry was the "wily soecall," which was what he liked to call the black crappie or the perch. He didn't even like bass and would seldom boat them. As a matter of fact he often referred to bait casters as "evildo-

ers who thrash the water to a froth and threaten to ruin the fishing for honest men."

I once went fishing with him in the company of the outdoors columnist for the *Houston Chronicle*. Uncle Joe and I were bobber fishing; the columnist was making long casts to the opposite bank in search of bass. He'd caught, maybe, a couple, the best going no more than four pounds. At some point I got lucky and snagged a lunker bass that may have weighed eight pounds. The columnist was at the front of the boat, I was at the rear and Uncle Joe was in the middle. I'd removed the hook from the bass and was sitting there grinning and holding it up for all to admire, when Uncle Joe reached over, took the fish by the gills and threw it back into the lake. "Get that eely monster out of the boat!" he said. The columnist never did speak directly to Uncle Joe again.

Despite his peculiar preferences, my uncle wasn't as casual a fisherman as you might think from his use of bobbers and



ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW BROWN

minnows. On other occasions he was as dedicated in his pursuit of trout as any fisherman ever outfitted by Abercrombie & Fitch. His "cane" pole was the finest split-bamboo fly rod you could buy, and his line was a tapered, weighted beauty that told him exactly what was going on beneath the surface of the water. Even in bobber fishing, while the rest of us in the boat would cuss the goggle-eye perch that kept nipping at our bait, Uncle Joe would pop them into the boat for cut bait. He used to tell me, "Junior (which was a name I thought I hated until I be-

came the Headless Horseman), you got to be smarter than the fish."

But back to our outing on Day Lake. I had snagged a pretty good perch and had boated it. The problem was that the hook was deep in its throat, and I couldn't get it out. So I finally took out my brand-new filleting knife and set out to cut the hook loose. It was going well until the fish gave a sudden flop, and its dorsal fin struck me in the hand. With that, the fish and my knife went overboard.

Well, I was stunned. I was just flat stunned. I sat there for a few seconds and then in a fit of rage I hurled the sheath after the knife. Uncle Joe was in the front of the boat, and he turned around and looked at me. He didn't say anything for a moment. As I've mentioned, Day Lake was a tributary of the Trinity River—sometimes. By that I mean that, on occasion, the Trinity backed up into the lake, producing a current. This was such an occasion.

Uncle Joe said, "Junior, have you considered that your knife went overboard in about three feet of water and, since we've got the exact spot marked, you could probably find it by wading around for a few minutes?"

I slapped my forehead. I said, "Oh, hell yes, why didn't I think of that!"

He looked over behind him. "But you've thrown your sheath in the water, and it's now floating downstream."

I looked where he was looking. The sheath had reached midstream and was bobbing along in the brown water, now about 15 yards away. I said, "I can fix that!"

I was only wearing jeans, it being summer, so I just jumped on the side of the boat and dove in. I caught up with the sheath about 50 yards downstream. Meanwhile, Uncle Joe had untied the rope from the tree limb and had paddled his way down to get me. After a little maneuvering I was back in the boat. I had the sheath and held it up, "water streaming off me. I said, "Well, now, what do you think of that? Got it back, didn't I?"

He didn't say anything for a long minute. Then he just pointed back from whence we'd come. I looked. All along that bank were fallen cypress trees that looked exactly like the one we'd been tied up next to. My knife was now buried in the mud below the brown water at an

continued



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REMINISCENCE *continued*

unknown site. I had recovered the sheath, but had lost the knife. That's like being married without a wife. I thought for a minute that it was Uncle Joe, not me, who had lost sight of the spot where my knife went in. If he hadn't untied the boat and come downstream to pick me up, I'd have got them both back.

But Uncle Joe just grinned at me as he grabbed hold of the oars. He said, "Junior, have I ever recounted to you a tale by Washington Irving?"

Uncle Joe wasn't an educated man in formal terms, but he knew as much about literature, the kind he wanted to know, as any man I've ever met. And he could tell it. He could even stop a poker game—a poker game, mind you—with his recitation of Robert Service's poem *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. So I knew I was in for it.

Still looking at me and still rowing, he laughed malevolently. "Heh, heh, heh." Now my Uncle Joe was a compact man with Popeye-like forearms and strong, square hands. He had a hunch, which wasn't going to win him any votes, of jabbing you in the chest with his right forefinger when he was trying to make a point. It was like being hit with a small pile driver. It wouldn't actually separate your ribs from your sternum, but it could, depending on the duration of the point he was insisting you agree with him on, make laughing a painful matter for some days afterward.

I had, on many occasions, been the recipient of that forefinger, but as much as I hated it, I hated that "heh, heh, heh" much worse. It meant he had you by the nape of the neck and, struggle as you might, you weren't going to get loose.

So he said, "Well, Junior, this is *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. Or the tale of the Headless Horseman." Then he commenced to tell me the story, dwelling with some relish on just how dumb Ichabod Crane was and how he was made to lose sight of his objective by the Headless Horseman who assailed him in a moonlit lane. He even went into some detail on the possibility of my resemblance to Ichabod Crane (as well he might, for I was rather tall and shen at that time).

Then he paused and looked thoughtfully, resting on the oars. He said, "But then I don't reckon you were any dumber than the Headless Horseman. Hell, all he had was a pumpkin for a head."

It could have been worse.

He could have called me Ichabod. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 23-29

Consented by ROGER JACKSON

PRO BASKETBALL—The Philadelphia 76ers defeated the Los Angeles Lakers 111-94 in Inglewood, Calif. to take a three-games-to-none lead in the best-of-seven NBA final (score: 10).

BOWLING—TOM MILTON defeated Steve Cook, 248-177 to win the \$100,000 Denver Open.

BOXING—MARVELOUS MARVIN HAGLER retained his undisputed middleweight championship with a fourth-round knockout of Wilfred Segura in Providence (page 46).

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL Denver stamped its Bengals' game streak and made the debut of new Gold Coach Chuck Merzke a vacuum, with a 21-19 win over the Redskins on Sunday. Merzke, who was fired from the Redskins after two touchdowns, and Safety David Demaris returned a third-quarter interception 78 yards for what proved to be the winning score. Birmingham, which had a 14-10 lead at halftime, was held to 100 yards on offense on Sunday night, save its two game-winning streak, came to an end. The Philadelphia Stars must win another week to clinch the Atlantic Division title and earn a first-round bye in the playoffs. The Johnnie Walton hit Wide Receiver Frank Lockett with a 14-yard TD pass on the game's last play. In a battle between teams that will have to wait 100 years for a rematch, the New York Jets' defense held the Oakland Raiders to 100 yards on offense. Quarterback Dave Brown had his first game for the Generals after replacing the departed Dave Jacobs, boosted a 30-17 field goal as time expired. Oakland beat Los Angeles 27-24 on a last-second field goal with the Eagles and the Pacific Division.

GOLF—HALE IRWIN shot a seven-under-par 281 to win the \$415,000 Memorial Tournament in Dublin, Ohio by one stroke over Ben Crenshaw and David Graham.

Posting a tournament-record 16-under-par 272, PATTY SHELLHAN won a \$150,000 LPGA event in Corning, N.Y., by eight strokes over Cindy Hall.

HORSE RACING—SKI GOOGLE (57), ridden by Chris McCarron, won the \$115,000 Acorn Stakes at Belmont Park by 7½ lengths over Princess Rooney. The 3-year-old filly ran the mile in 1:35.

LACROSSE—SYRACUSE defeated Johns Hopkins 17-16 in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. to win the NCAA Division I championship (page 17)

MOTOR SPORTS—TOM SNEYA, averaging 162 1/7 miles per hour in his March-Cosworth, won the Indianapolis 500 by 11 1/2 seconds over Al Unser Sr. in a Pirelli-Cosworth (page 36).

NEIL BONNETT raced his Chevrolet to victory in the \$48,000 World 600 in Harrisburg, N.C. He averaged 140.707 mph on the 1.5-mile Charlotte Motor Speedway to beat Richard Petty by a second.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: San Diego won the MISL championship, defeating Baltimore 3-1 in San Diego to win their best-of-five playoff series three games to two. It was the Sockers' second consecutive indoor championship (page 76)

DOCCER—NASC. Home cooking doesn't agree with the Scandinavians. San Diego defeated Seattle 1-0 in the Kampong to hand the Scandinavians their fifth consecutive loss. Seattle's Scott Peterson scored the game's first goal of the season and Lorrin Hahnel scored the game's lone goal at 68:58. San Diego had earlier, when Toronto Marlin beat the Soxers 3-0 on Jan. Miller's second stanza of the year. The celebration was short-lived, however, as the Soxers' Steve Chong and Golden Boy's Steve Zangul on the Meadowlands weren't motivated. The Eastern Division's Golden Boy, Steve Zangul, scored the game's first goal with Chongia scoring his 12th goal of the year and Zangul drawing the color on five shots. The Quakers' Steve Zangul scored the game's lone goal on the left wing on San Tenet's 20-foot score from the left corner with 3:15 remaining. The loss forced the Quakers to drop from third to fourth in the Eastern Division from Idaho, which snapped a three-game losing streak with a 3-1 win over Montreal. This loss, 10th in the West, whipped Chongia into a scoring frenzy, spectacularly scoring his 10th goal. Tane Lattier, who missed his fourth straight in seven games when the Soxers' Karl-Henrik Granitzon scored the game's lone goal at 1:58, scored the game's lone goal at 3:22 on the Blizzard's Colin Miller, in his first NASL start. He had two goals, including the game's

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT LLOYD defeated Kathy Horvath 6-4, 7-6 to win the \$190,000 German Open in Berlin.

TRACK & FIELD—GALINA SAVINKOVA established a women's world record in the discus with a

show of 240' 4" in Leselidre, U.S.S.R. She surpassed by 4' 9" the mark set by Maria Polkova-Veronina in 1980.

MISFEATS—PLACED ON PROBATION For one year by the NCAA, the VIRGINIA TECH football team, for recruiting violations involving eight current players. The Gobblers will be eligible for bowl game and television appearances in 1983, but the eight players will be ineligible for postseason competition.

RESIGNED As coach of the Boston Celtics, **BILL FITCH**, 49, three days after Celtics owner Harry Mangini announced that the club was for sale. Fitch had a 242-486 record with Boston in four seasons and guided the Celtics to the NBA championship (six in 1981).

SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE. By the Florida Parole Commission, former NFL Defensive Lineman DON REESE, 30, on June 21 Reese has served nearly five months of a six-month-to-five-year sentence for violating parole on a 1977 conviction for drug trafficking and possession. He had been some two months short of completing four years of probation resulting from those charges, when he described the use of cocaine by himself and other NFL players on the June 14, 1982 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. His use of the drug convinced a technician of parole he has been incarcerated for since 75.

DIED JACK STEWART, 66, a former defenseman for the Detroit Red Wings, of stomach cancer; in Detroit. In 10 seasons (1958-69) with the Red Wings, Stewart scored 30 goals, had 79 assists and was selected for the NHL's All-Star team four times. He was inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame in 1964.

CREDITS

36—Tony Tonde—*Illustration* by Sam G. Weiss
 Mar. 30.35—Manny V. Jan. 30.35—Manny Miller (part)
 Harry Kuehnert 36.36—Hend Kuehnert (score)
 Carl Scharf 121—Henry Kuehnert 36.46—
 36—Hend Kuehnert 36.46—Hend Kuehnert 36.46—
 Triolo (part) Andy Hart 37.37—John Isacio 36.46—
 C. Morda 36.46—Georgia Tademani 37.37—
 Philip. Product 36.46—Rosa 37.37—
 Georgia Tademani (part) Rosa 37.37—Henry
 Kuehnert 37.37—Anthony Nasse 37.37—Georgia 36.46—
 36—John Isacio 36.46—Jacqueline Dunston
 36—John Isacio 36.46—Jacqueline Dunston
 36—Manny Rubio 36.46—Walter Knorr 36.46—
 AP 36.46—Rory Photography (?)

FACES IN THE CROWD

ALFIE TURCOTTE
 (20 years)

Allie, a 17-year-old center, helped the Portland (Ore.) Winter Hawks to the Memorial Cup major junior hockey title, which never had been won by a U.S. team. He had five goals and three assists and was named the tournament's MVP.



ANTHONY GRAMAM
CLC, Inc.

Anthony, a senior, led the DeLund High weightlifting team to the state 4A title. He won the 165-pound class with a bench press of 385 pounds and a clean and jerk of 270 for a 655-pound total, 80 shy of the meet's best regardless of weight class.



HARRY BERTLING
Will App. 6/15

Bentley, a 75-year-old retired foundry foreman, made successive holes in one on the Hanes Park Golf Course in Wauwasau, Wis. Using an eagle-iron, he aced the par-3, 90-yard 6th and then, with the same club, the par-3, 100-yard 7th.



BRUCE J. RYAN, KUHLMAN, PA
Economics, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666,

Kubisan, a Georgetown University senior and the tournament's second seed, defeated top-seeded Sandra Elliott of Northern Colorado 6-4, 6-4 to win the singles title at the NCAA Division II women's tennis championships in Coway, Colo.



BUT THIS IS DEAD

Thibodeaux, 32, the cross-country skiing and running coach at the University of Alaska-Anchorage, won the 60-Minute Challenge race in Anchorage. He ran 11 miles in the allotted time, a mile farther than the



MARCHE O'BRIEN
Architect, Mass.

D'Brien, a 6-foot senior center for Clark University in Worcester, Mass., averaged 22.5 points and 14 rebounds per game to earn NCAA Division III Player of the Year honors from the Women's Basketball Coaches Association.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE ISLES' FOURTH

Sir:

I can't believe it! The Islanders finally made your cover (May 23). No Indy 500. No Magic Johnson. Just Billy Smith doing what he does best—making a clutch save. Thank you. Thank you. This almost makes up for the last three years when you failed to put New York's Stanley Cup champions on the cover.

I would also like to congratulate E.M. Swift on his ability to see through Edmontons Coach and General Manager Glen Sather's rhetoric about Smith's "maniac" behavior. Sadly, Sather's "yapping" did tarnish this fine sporting event. Edmonton lost for only one reason: The Islanders are a better team.

However, I take exception to Swift's summation, "The Islanders clearly are nearing the end of their reign." If a four-game sweep of the Oilers is "nearing the end," then the end might not come for two or more years. Just think of it: The Islanders could win six straight Stanley Cups. Not bad!

DORGLAS DWIGHT

Delaware, Ohio

Sir:

I agree that Billy Smith made the difference in this year's Stanley Cup playoffs, but I also think he is the dirtiest goalie in the business. I see about half of the Islanders games in a season, and I view Smith as a very dangerous person with that stick. In fact, I think the referees give the Islanders breaks in all their games because they are the champions. On the other hand, this year's Flyers were still paying the penalty for earlier Philadelphia teams that were better known as the Broad Street Bulies.

JIM REINHILLER

Hazleton, Pa.

Sir:

After many years of participating in and watching hockey, I am outraged and disgusted by Billy Smith's conduct in the Stanley Cup finals. His blatant use of his goalie stick as a weapon and taking a "dive" in Game 4 in order to secure a penalty against the Oilers have earned him my first annual Con Swipe Award. His unsportsmanlike attitude and play do not belong in the game.

JAMES T. WELSH

San Diego

SOUTH AFRICAN SPORT

Sir:

Your article on South Africa (Swirling Shades of Gray, May 16) by Clive Gammon was a thoughtful and complete analysis of the superficial integration of sports in that country. Rather than allowing us to be fooled by the illusion of progress, your article gives us

hope that the battle is continuing against the evils of apartheid. The "politics" of the various sporting organizations around the world are not what have ruined the chances or frustrated the hopes of white and black athletes in South Africa; their own country's racist policies have, and those policies will continue to do so until they are eliminated from all aspects of life in South Africa.

EDMOND F. NOEL JR.

Denver

Sir:

Clive Gammon captured very well and quite fairly the tragic effects of apartheid on South Africans, black and white. I was born there and lived most of my life in Cape Town, and I can confirm that the article is well balanced, accurate and representative.

PETER R. MAGGS, M.D.

Boston

Sir:

Twelve pages concerning race discrimination by the government of South Africa is preposterous. Your priorities seem to be out of order. When you extol the fears of Soviet athletes, why do you omit criticism of the Communist government in Moscow? Why not reveal the murderous activities of the Soviet government around the world? You might even take a similar stance in your articles on Cuban athletes and Eastern Bloc athletes. In these countries the freedom of all people is curtailed.

Why not print an article dealing with the absurdity of the International Olympic Committee's allowing the participation of such countries as the U.S.S.R. and Cuba in Olympic events, yet failing to permit South Africa's entry into these same events?

MICHAEL E. PILSITZ

Newport Beach, Calif.

THE NEW LEAGUE

Sir:

Only 12 weeks into the inaugural USFL season, and already there are those who are writing its epitaph (Football: A Rite or Wrong of Spring, May 23). Comparisons between the USFL and the NFL are inevitable, but not fair. The NFL had a 60-year head start. If the USFL could field teams of NFL caliber in its first year, then that wouldn't be saying much for Pete Rozelle's league, would it?

The USFL can boast one thing: balance among its teams. At this writing, 10 of the league's 12 franchises are battling for playoff spots. In more than half a century the NFL hasn't found a way to accomplish that.

As for boring games, try baseball in any stadium in America. That game was designed

for insomnia. No. The USFL will live. In fact, who said it was sick?

ROBERT M. MACSI

Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

William Oscar Johnson was very fair in his analysis of the USFL's progress. However, I am perturbed by your repeated lack of articles on the teams themselves. How about giving us an article on the playoff outlook? Better yet, why not send someone to Pontiac, Mich. to cover those incredible Panthers following their six-game winning streak? You would find out there is nothing more exciting than watching Panther Quarterback Bobby Hebert slinging touchdown passes. I guess the problem is that any team that isn't on a coastline or in a major media city is out of luck. Come on, SI Go, Panthers!

CHRISTOPHER T. CAMEY

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

The USFL story by William Oscar Johnson was an interesting one. The USFL's difficulties were blamed by various spokesmen on spring, the weather, stadium sizes, TV coverage, local cops, schedules, fan expectations—I'm surprised President Reagan and Secretary of the Interior James Watt weren't included! No credit was given to the fans or TV viewers, who can judge dull, boring, mediocre sport all by themselves.

I'm glad the "deep pocket" owners will have a great tax write-off. Maybe they should have tried a green football.

JIM SANTILLI

Madison, Wis.

LINDA VAUGHN

Sir:

I believe that I speak for all those privileged to know Linda Vaughn as a friend when I say thank you to Bob Ottum for his fine article (From a Vamp to a Veeep, May 23). For far too long, Linda's countless contributions to motor sports and her superior business acumen have been ignored in favor of her obvious physical attributes. At last SI has shown the good taste to publish a story that celebrates the woman behind the beauty queen.

We will all miss Linda at the races. At some events her presence was the main attraction. But her promotion to a vice-president at Cars & Concepts is a richly deserved reward for her years as goodwill ambassador for Hurst products. Her unwavering devotion and unfagging good spirit in the face of a pressure-packed schedule show her to be a true professional in the finest tradition of the sport.

RAY LEGER

Santa Ana, Calif.

continued

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Sir:

The hell with your annual swimsuit issue, just give me Linda Vaughn once a year!

LARRY KIMBALL
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Va-va-va Vaughn!

GEOFF PROPETA
TOWNS, N.J.

WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

Sir:

I was glad to read in *SCORECARD* (May 23) that Kevin Ross [the basketball player who after four years at Creighton University was still virtually unable to read] has recently become academically motivated, and I wish him well as his future pursuits.

As an alumnus of the Creighton School of Law, I would like your readers to be aware that of the three seniors on the 1982-83 Creighton basketball team, two, Mark Jones and Richard Boses, have been accepted by the law school for this fall, while the third, Joe Hresman, plans to attend Creighton's medical school.

These young men are fine examples of the combination of academic achievement and intercollegiate basketball competence that's available at Creighton. They are also examples of the fact that the individual student-athlete remains principally responsible for his own educational achievement.

MARK S. BERTOLINI
Bellevue, Neb.

Sir:

I am distressed by your *SCORECARD* item about Kevin Ross, Creighton, like all universities and colleges, is an institution of higher learning. You put all the blame for illiterate athletes on the NCAA and colleges. How about pointing a finger at high schools and grammar schools? True, colleges are remiss for admitting below-standard students with low grade-point averages, but it's up to the high schools and elementary schools to prepare these students properly.

ED WEISKALF
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

Sir:

I wholeheartedly agree with the opinions expressed in your May 23 *SCORECARD*. However, perhaps you could help Kevin Ross in his pursuit of a degree by having him to check your spelling: sophomore (soph), in the third paragraph of the item entitled "College Athletes I."

THE REV. JAMES KUNTZ, S.J.
SARASOTA, Fla.

JUAN NIEVES

Sir:

In his article *Rebirth of the Bonus Baby* (May '90), Bill Brubaker accurately depicted the unique situation of 18-year-old Juan Nieves. Unfortunately, however, Juan's personality and character were not truly represented by quotes like "I'm in the driver's seat.... I've got it my way now" or "The

world revolves around money, and in a few weeks that's what I'll be looking for. A lot of it." An overconfident or materialistic young man he is not! I speak on behalf of all who know Juan. He is a humble, caring, giving person who enjoys people, values education and loves his family, friends and baseball. He is a young man of exemplary character and considerable moral fiber. Nor is Juan's mother—"I'm not going to give my boy away for peanuts"—materialistic, rather, she's a devoutly religious person who is deeply concerned about the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of her son.

Should Juan decide to sign with a professional team before attending college—another significant priority in his life—it will represent not a means to make a fast buck, but the fulfillment of a lifelong dream to play baseball in the big leagues.

PETER EVANS
Juan's Baseball Coach and
Athletic Director
Avon Old Farms School
Avon, Conn.

Sir:

I felt your article on "bonus baby" Juan Nieves was extremely accurate. As an alumnus of Avon Old Farms, I can imagine what Juan must be going through. It was my experience at Avon, a school with an outstanding athletic program, that, when deciding on colleges, most student-athletes emphasized the financial support offered by a college rather than the quality of its academics. This seems to be the attitude of most high school seniors with athletic futures. It's just too bad our society is set up in such a way.

HOWARD FRY
Oelawart, Ohio

BOX SCORES (CONT.)

Sir:

I am writing belatedly to commend Henry Hecht for his fascinating article on the evolution—and, since 1958, devolution—of the baseball box score (*A Box Full of Goodies*, April 4). Of particular interest was his report of Melvin L. Adelman's serendipitous discovery of the "lost ark"—the primal box score of Oct. 25, 1845. Your readers might be interested to know that four of the men on the New York Ball Club that day were also in the lineup on June 19, 1846, for the New Yorks against the Knickerbockers at the Elysian Fields in Hoboken, N.J., in the first organized game played under the new rules developed by Alexander Cartwright. Attentive readers of Hecht's article no doubt noted that in the game of Oct. 25, 1845, only eight players participated on each side.

Hecht writes that the abbreviation H.L., which indicated unsuccessful tries at bat in the box scores of the 1860s, "stumps historians." H.L. stands for "Hands Lost," a slight change from the term "Hands Out" seen in the 1845 box score cited above. As authority I cite Henry Chadwick in *Beside's Dome Base*

Ball Player of 1876, the early equivalent of today's *Official Baseball Guide* published by The Sporting News: "HANDS OUT—This is the old term applicable to the 'outs' in a game. For instance, the moment a player is put out, the batting side 'loses a hand.'"

JOHN THOMAS
Saugerties, N.Y.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

Sir:

In regard to Robert A. Muldoon's letter (197th HOLE, May 16) concerning Jack McCallum's article on roommates (For Better, for Worse, May 2), I think the difficulties arising from the pairing of Rube Waddell and Ossie Schreckengost are stated incorrectly. According to what I have heard and read, Schreckengost was the individual who enjoyed munching, not animal crackers, but crackers and Limburger cheese while lying in bed. This foul-smelling habit incensed Waddell, the Hall of Fame pitcher who also loved to chase fire trucks, but his repeated entreaties to Athletics owner and Manager Connie Mack proved unsuccessful at putting a stop to Schreckengost's late-night snacks. Finally, Waddell burst into Mack's hotel room one night and crushed a Limburger sandwich on the sheets. Waddell's play obviously worked: Schreckengost's contract the next season prohibited him from eating Limburger cheese and crackers in bed.

MARK L. ADAMS
Wilmington, Mass.

• Not according to Connie Mack, who was quoted by J.G. Taylor Spink in a series of articles on Rube Waddell published in *The Sporting News* in November 1942. In the third installment, Spink quotes Mack as follows: "Ossie used to kick a lot about Rube's habits, but his loudest kick came one spring. Ossie returned his contract unsigned. 'This contract is all right,' he wrote, 'but before I sign with you, I have to see Waddell's signed contract. I room with him and you have to put a clause in his contract that he can't eat animal crackers in bed. I don't mind the flat ones so much, but those with horns bother me.' We put the clause in the contract and Rube agreed to give up animal crackers." While other versions of the story have appeared in print, Paul MacFarlane, director of historical research and archives for *The Sporting News*, assures us that the complaint involved Waddell and crackers, not Schreckengost and Limburger cheese. As for the two spellings of Schreckengost's first name—incidentally, he also played under the surname Schreck—baseball encyclopedias list it as Ossie, but early accounts, including Spink's, refer to him as Ossie—ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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